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The Cruise -
of the - - -
"Esquimaux."

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A. BARCLAY WALKER.

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THE CRUISE OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

The map shows the Arctic region, including the Arctic Ocean, Baffin Bay, Davis Strait, and various islands and peninsulas. A red line traces the cruise route, with dates and locations marked along it. Key locations include North Lincoln, Northumberland I., Melville Bay, Baffin I., and various smaller islands and peninsulas. The map also shows the coastline of Greenland and the Arctic Circle. The title "THE CRUISE OF THE ESQUIMAUX." is at the top left. The map is oriented with North at the top.

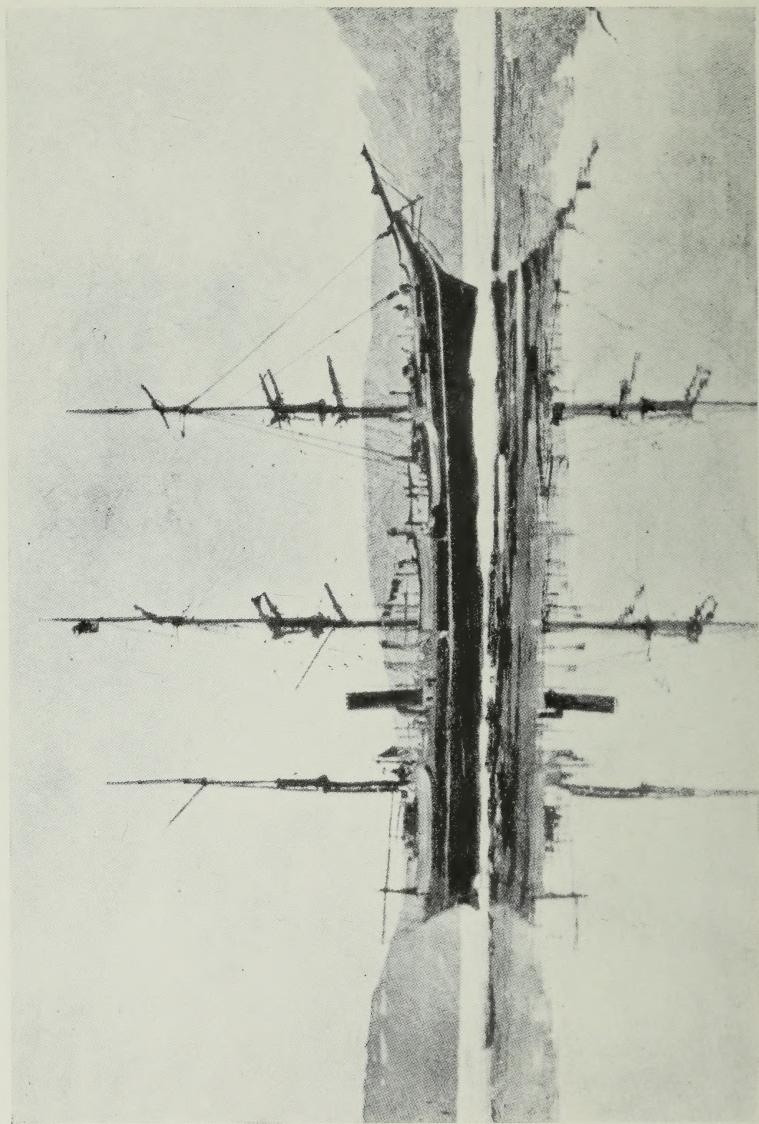
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THE ESQUIMAUX.

THE CRUISE
OF THE
ESQUIMAUX
(STEAM WHALER)

TO
DAVIS STRAITS AND BAFFIN BAY

APRIL-OCTOBER, 1899

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF

A. BARCLAY WALKER
///

WITH TWENTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

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INTRODUCTION

THE Arctic regions have hitherto been interesting chiefly as a field for Geographical research. The Diary, comprised in the following pages of the six months' Cruise of the "Esquimaux" may serve to show that the Polar Seas and Shores offer opportunities and conditions most attractive to the keen sportsman. Bracing air, grand and diversified scenery, and life under conditions absolutely novel are in these latitudes the accompaniments of varied, and, in most instances, exciting adventure. Besides the pursuit of the whale, narwhal, walrus, seal, bear and deer, there is abundant employment for net and gun in gathering salmon, wild duck and looms. The latter rarely fail to afford excellent shooting when big game does not happen to be at hand.

Although one of the most fascinating forms of sport whaling has up to the present time been considered wholly as a commercial adventure. The value of the Whale Fishery, and the fact that a well grown whale is worth £2,000, go a long way to account for this view.

But the whale is not easy to find, and when found creates an amount of excitement even among the oldest of hands, which culminates only with success, or changes into despair in the event of failure. He may justly be reckoned among the finest of big game.

Built in 1865 the "Esquimaux," in spite of her thirty-four years, proved one of the soundest and most comfortable sea boats afloat. We had every reason to be well satisfied with the old ship, and not less so with our skipper, Captain McKay, whose experience in the whaling business was invaluable. We left St. Johns, Newfoundland, on April 27th, 1899, carrying a crew of fifty-three all told, and provisions for two years. The Cruise was completed at

Dundee on the 27th October. Dr. R. P. McKenzie and Mr. W. Cecil Hammond accompanied the expedition. In the Journal the former is, for the sake of brevity, referred to as "R," and the latter as "C."

The Diary was written from day to day, and while the impression left by recent events was still fresh. No attempt has been made at elaboration. It is a record of our experiences, brief, but complete, and it is hoped that, having the interest which arises from directness of statement and impressions at first hand, it may reasonably claim a place in the literature of sport

The Cruise of the Esquimaux.

I.

FROM FLORIDA TO ST. JOHNS.

On April 7th, 1899, I received a cable from Capt McKay. He informed me that the "Esquimaux" had arrived safely at St. Johns, Newfoundland, after a passage of seventeen days.

Dr. McKenzie and self, with my valet, John Collins, accordingly packed our traps. On the 8th we left the yacht "Decoy" at Punta Rosa, Florida, and took train for New York. We arrived on the 10th. Cecil Hammond, who had come over on the "Etruria," joined us that night at the "Waldorf Astoria" Hotel.

We got through our business in New York as quickly as possible, managed to start North at 4 p.m. on April 12th, reached Boston that night, and Truro, Nova Scotia, late on the night of the 13th. There we were delayed a day owing to the indefinite news as to a boat for St. Johns. Things looked unpromising. The "Bruce," on the Sydney route, had broken down, and the railway in Newfoundland was blocked with snow. However, we left Truro on the 15th for Mulgrave, arriving in the afternoon. There again we were delayed owing to the boilers of the "Grand Lake" having to undergo survey; there was nothing for it but to wait, and meanwhile to put up at a small hotel.

On Sunday afternoon we took a walk in the thawing snow. I cannot say I enjoyed this excursion. I got over my knees into some slush.

The "Grand Lake," starting at 3 a.m. on the morning of the 17th, slowly forced her way through the loose ice in the Straits and out to sea, in thick weather.

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We were out of the ice, however, after going about ninety miles, and steered for Cape Race. On the 18th it blew a hard N.E. gale with driving snow. The "Grand Lake" being very lively, the majority of the passengers were incapacitated, but at 4 p.m. on the 19th we had the satisfaction of entering St. Johns harbour, and found the "Esquimaux" at anchor, looking her best. Capt. McKay and Joe Prince (my steward on the "Ailsa" and "Normannia") met us at the Wharf, and



ST. JOHNS

we were soon on board the vessel which was to be our home for the next six months.

Steam Whaler "ESQUIMAUX."—Built in 1865; tons 465; horse power 70; engines compound; originally ship rigged but altered to a barque in 1883; extreme length, 157 feet; extreme breadth, 30 feet; boats, 8; 1 collapsible dinghy; capacity of bunkers, 110 tons; coal on board on leaving St. Johns, 556 tons; daily consumption of coal

on passage, 7½ tons ; tanks for oil, 32 ; capacity of tanks for oil, 210 tons ; speed on trial trip (measured miles), 8½ knots ; capacity of fresh water tanks, 40 tons ; built of oak ; strength in bows, 8½ feet ; ice sheathing, iron, wood ; draught forward, 17 feet 3 inches ; draught aft, 17 feet 6 inches ; depth of hold, 19 feet ; provisioned for two years.

OFFICERS AND CREW.

Name.	Rank.	Age.	
H. McKay	Master.	43	
James Stewart	1st Mate	34	Naval Reserve
Alec. Aiken	{ 2nd Mate and 1st } { Harpooner }	45	do.
Alexander Stewart	Specksioneer	48	
Edward Scott	Harpooner	49	
Henry Kiddie	do.	35	
John Brown	do.	43	Naval Reserve
Alexander Smith	Carpenter	48	
Peter Anderson	Ship's Cook	59	
James Couper	Boatswain	35	Naval Reserve
William Taylor	Skeaman and B.S.	34	do.
William Hunter	Sailmaker	30	
J. Mackintosh	1st Engineer	48	
W. McQuattie	2nd do.	28	
James Smith	Blacksmith and Fireman	48	
Thomas Hanlon	Fireman	45	Naval Reserve
John Cameron	L. K.	34	do.
James Clark	do.	30	
George Mitchell	do.	34	
William Watson	do.	28	
David McGlashan	Carpenter's Mate	20	

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Edward Tolmie	Ship's Steward	26		
David Ramsey	L. K.	30	Naval Reserve	
George Anderson	A. B.	30	do.	
William Dawson	do.	27		
William Ross	do.	26		
James Carrie	do.	26		
George Hughes	do.	26		
James Kerr	do.	25	Naval Reserve	
W. S. McRitchie	Assistant Cook	28		
Joe Prince	Chief Steward	42		
Charles Bertram	Fireman	42	Naval Reserve	
Peter Halcrow	B. S.	52	Shetlander	
Lawrence Williamson	do.	60	do.	
George Moffat	do.	40	Shet. and N.R.	
George Linklater	L. K.	24	do.	do.
Thomas Ganson	do.	24	do.	do.
William Moffat	L. K.	31	Shet. and N.R.	
Hunter Nelson	A. B.	48	do.	
Edward Arthur	do.	25	do.	do.
Alfred Taylor	Chief Cook	45		
Leonard Rouse	Steward's Assistant	15		
John Irvine	A. B.	25	Shet. and N.R.	
Sinclair Sutherland	do.	32	do.	do.
James Halcrow	do.	25	do.	do.
James Laurenson	do.	24	do.	do.
William Robertson	do.	22	do.	do.
Arthur Pearson	do.	36	do.	do.
C. Dalzill	do.	37	do.	do.
James Anderson	do.	30	do.	do.
William Martin	L. K.	25		
John Ewan	Stowaway	18		
John Collins	Valet			

Total hands 53.

A. Barclay Walker - - - Owner.

FROM FLORIDA TO ST. JOHNS. 13

Dr. R. P. McKenzie - Guest.
 Cecil Hammond - - Guest

WEEKLY RATIONS FOR CREW.

	Water.	Bread.	Beef.	Pork	Preserved Meat.	Vegetables.	Flour.	Peas.	Oatmeal.	Tea.	Coffee.
	qts.	lb.	lb.	lb.			lb.	pt.		oz.	oz.
SUNDAY	3	1	1½	½	⅛	½
MONDAY	3	1	...	1¼	⅓	...	⅛	½
TUESDAY	3	1	1½	½	⅛	½
WEDNESDAY ...	3	1	...	1¼	⅓	...	⅛	½
THURSDAY ...	3	1	1½	½	⅛	½
FRIDAY	3	1	...	1¼	⅓	...	⅛	½
SATURDAY ...	3	1	1½	⅛	½

Substitutes and Equivalents at the Master's option
 No Spirits allowed.

II.

THROUGH THE NARROWS.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26TH.—Weighed anchor at 6, and steamed slowly out of the Narrows, giving the inhabitants a taste of our siren on the way. Ice blocked the mouth of the harbour, so we dropped our pilot after going $\frac{1}{4}$ mile; forced our way through some rather thick stuff; passed a small schooner poling through the ice; and at 7.30 p.m. set our course E. by N. An iceberg aground at the Narrows was quite 200 feet high and 400 feet long, showing a majestic pinnacle at one end and a tower shaped prominence at the other. R. amused himself after dinner by a series of quick changes, Arctic costumes.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27TH.—Glorious morning, with nice breeze from N.W.; changed our course at 6 a.m. to N.N.E., fore and aft canvas set. I was busy all morning arranging my cabin, etc. C. made himself useful carpentering. Position at noon, 15 miles off Cape Freels, engines going at half speed. Cloudy, with snow showers in evening. Fin-backed whales seen from the crow's nest.

FRIDAY, APRIL 28TH.—All the forenoon the crew were busy taking the coal out of the forehold and filling the bunkers; this will by degrees improve the sit of the vessel. We are decidedly down by the head, and likely to remain so until we have moved 100 tons of coal. Our position at noon, 35 miles S.E. of Belleisle Island, and entering the stream ice. A few seals seen on passage. R. shot a bedlamite, which was gathered. At 5 p.m. a nice breeze sprang up from N.E.; set fore and aft canvas. Abreast of Belleisle at 6 p.m.; Island 15 miles distant; hazy. Dead slow through the ice till midnight, then lay to on account of thick weather, with heavy snow. Went through our private list of stores this afternoon with R. and

C. : I think we have ample, especially in the pickles line : there are 108 bottles.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29TH.—Wind light and variable. Dodging about in the ice, mostly to E. and S. A fair number of seals seen in the morning. Killed three seals from fore deck during the course of the day—young hoods. Fog at 3 p.m. : weather cleared at times, enabling us to pick our way through ice, going dead slow. The sea



ICEBERGS IN THE NARROWS.

became much heavier, and eventually brought us to a standstill at 11.30 p.m. The "Esquimaux" treats the ice with scant ceremony—a very different performance to the "Laura's" last year. Ivory gulls and looms seen. Glass falling slowly all day.

SUNDAY, APRIL 30TH.—Wind N. by E. When daylight appeared we found ourselves shut in the heavy ice, but, after punching away at it for two hours, we forced our way out into clear water. The captain,

16 CRUISE OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

finding that we were in a *cul de sac*, we had reluctantly to steer S W. to get out ; our last two days' work thus being thrown away. We are in clear water, it is true, but from the crow's nest an impenetrable barrier of heavy ice is in sight reaching far South, which we shall have to get round. Fore and aft canvas set. At noon 36 miles south of yesterday's position. Heavy ice stopped us at 9 p.m

MONDAY, MAY 1ST.—Wind N.E. light. We have managed at last to get round the heavy ice. Seven seals were killed to-day—six shot from the fore deck, and one clubbed by the mate on some ice. An old dog hood seal which I wounded was very annoyed, and blew out his hood before I finished him off. I am told that they fight very hard for their mate and young when attacked. In fact, a fight between a dog hood and a bear which the second mate told me about is worth re-telling. He watched them, he told me, for five hours. The seal eventually having pinned the bear by the throat down on the ice, they were both shot in an exhausted condition. The skins of both were in a terrible state and not fit for anything. The bear had his left foreleg broken, and the seal was literally a mass of wounds. The extraordinary part was that the bear had the best of the seal in the water and *vice versa* on land.

We passed what appeared to be the gaff and boom of a vessel. Glass falling all day.

TUESDAY, MAY 2ND.—No ice in sight. Hard breeze from the N.W., which increased to a gale at noon. Hove to. Glass falling.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3RD.—Hard gale. Most uncomfortable. Hove to. Very heavy sea. Four oil bags out. Snow.

THURSDAY, MAY 4TH.—Terrific gale. Hove to. Four oil bags out. "Esquimaux" behaving splendidly. Snow.

FRIDAY, MAY 5TH.—A repetition of yesterday—if possible, worse. Four oil bags out. Hove to. Nothing carried away so far, but two of starboard boats had a near squeak. Mr. McKenzie prostrate in his bunk ; Cecil recovered. Glass has started to rise.

This is getting monotonous. I had a nasty fall to-day in the saloon ; one of the fixed (!!) chairs was carried away and sent me head foremost into the rifle rack ; I saw many beautifully-coloured

stars. Persuaded McKenzie to get a breath of fresh air for five minutes. His language during the intervals of his attacks was simply grand.

SATURDAY, MAY 6TH.—Still blowing very hard when I looked out at 6 a.m., but the wind gradually decreased all day, although it left a very heavy sea still running. About 5 p.m. we managed to get the staysails set, and went ahead at the terrific rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots an



PREPARATIONS ON THE ESQUIMAUX.

hour. As the glass is steadily rising, I think we have broken the back of it—I mean, of course, the weather. C. was very bad for the first twenty-four hours, but soon pulled himself together: on the other hand, R. (McKenzie) is by no means fit for duty (some of the crew who are injured require his services): in fact, in all my experience of the sea, I do not think I have seen a more miserable object. Would that I could write down his opinions of the sea, the

18 CRUISE OF THE *ESQUIMAUX*.

“Esquimaux,” and things in general! He is dangerous, and past the soothing stage.

SUNDAY, MAY 7TH.—Fine weather again at last. There is still a heavy swell, but, as we are under all canvas, we do not feel it as much as we should do if we were under steam alone. The good old “Esquimaux” in her 34th year has not belied her reputation as a sea boat—in fact, she fairly surpassed herself. It has fallen to my lot to have had perhaps more experience on the sea than most men at my age, and I have never seen a heavier sea than we had on Thursday and Friday. A plank out of the bulwarks, a few minor injuries to the crew, and we are as trim as we were before the gale. Sun shining, and by observation we are in Lat. 55.36. Passed some drift wood, and we saw little auks for the first time.

MONDAY, MAY 8TH.—Latitude 57.26, to-day at noon. Sky overcast all day. After talking the matter over with the Captain, we decided to abandon our idea of trying for whales on the S.W. ground, so that we can get N. to the walrus before the rest of the fleet get there. Another consideration is that there is generally bad weather on the S.W. fishing ground at this time of the year. We are now steering for Cape Desolation, and thence up Davis Straits. The S.W. fishing ground comprises the waters round Resolution Island and the entrances to Hudson Bay. Men busy all day filling the bunkers from the tanks in the forehold. The nights are now decidedly shorter.

TUESDAY, MAY 9TH.—We are now passing a number of large icebergs. At 11 a.m. sighted a barque about 15 miles off; no doubt one of the Dundee fleet. She was under canvas, and we soon lost sight of her. At 4 p.m. we sighted and passed, some 2 miles off, a ship which hoisted the Danish Government ensign. She is doubtless one of the two vessels which are sent out annually to the Danish settlements in Greenland. At 9 p.m. we ran into some stream ice, but were through it by midnight. Four walrus and some seals were seen, but did not allow us to get near them. Slight snow fell throughout the evening. Boats’ crews busy with the cleaning of their harpoon guns, harpoons, lances, etc.

III.

IN DAVIS STRAITS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10TH.—At noon we were in latitude 61.52, nearly abreast of Frederickshaab, one of the Danish settlements, and sighted Greenland at 3 p.m., some 45 miles off. The land is higher and of course clothed in snow—a very forbidding looking coast. By way of amusement, we took the polyphone to pieces to clean it. No doubt the idea was an excellent one, but on putting it together again, we found that we could not get a note of music out of it; so, taking all in all, the experiment was not a success.

Fine all day, but snow fell during the night. One can now read outside at midnight, and lights will shortly be stowed away. We are in Davis Straits.

THURSDAY, MAY 11TH.—Taking advantage of the lovely weather, all the boats' crews were engaged preparing for the fray. The whale lines were coiled down in each boat. There are 5 lines in each boat, spliced into one long line; each line is 110 fathoms long; so each boat has 550 fathoms, or 1100 yards of line. Harpoon guns were fixed and tested. Gun harpoons, hand harpoons, lances, bread and water *casks*, knives, rifles, ammunition, grapplings, tackles, &c., were allotted to each harpooner; in fact, the vessel presented the appearance of fitting out a boat expedition. Whalers' crews are noted for cheering on the least possible pretext, and each crew cheered lustily on completing their work. At noon we were in latitude 64.15, coast of Greenland in sight about 25 miles away. Ran into fog at 5 p.m., which continued till 10 p.m., when it lifted, giving us a grand view of the high snow-clad mountains. The polyphone is still a tuneless nonentity.

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FRIDAY, MAY 12TH.—We sighted, in the morning, a vessel which turned out to be the “*Novaya Zemlya*,” of Dundee. She was in the loose ice, where we soon followed her. A fin-back whale and several schools of walrus were seen, but it was not until late in the afternoon that we launched a boat, and I went after four asleep on a piece of ice. I had my .303 with solid bullets: we got to within 20 yards of them. They all took to the water after I had fired, but one, wounded, immediately came to the surface and endeavoured to get back on the ice; we gave him the harpoon. He was an enormous brute, but had only one tusk, a good one, the other being broken off at the roots. The others came up close to the boat, and I had to fire at them, one sinking immediately. The eye of a wounded walrus is a terrible thing to behold. It took the seven of us some time to haul the walrus on the ice with a tackle and grappling; we finished him, and returned on board. The captain estimated the weight of the skin alone at 300 lbs. R. shot a very fine bearded seal. The walrus were very shy and we did not get another chance at them. Latitude 66.48 to-day; so we are well within the Arctic Circle. Greenland some 25 miles off. A lovely day.

SATURDAY, MAY 13TH.—Ran along the edge of the pack; under canvas all day; fog and rain after 2 p.m. White whales seen in the morning; I have never seen one of these fish dead, but from what I can note they are simply a white porpoise; their skins find a ready market at home. Although we are on a good bank, the walrus are not on the ice, on account of the thick weather. The “*Novaya Zemlya*” is still in our vicinity. Crew engaged filling up the bunkers from the forehold. Joe hard at work getting out stores. Numerous bottles of our great pickle supply going aft.

SUNDAY, MAY 14TH.—Steamed slowly along edge of pack in thick weather, passing several very large icebergs. “*Novaya Zemlya*” cruising about near us. Sighted a dead fin back whale at 3 p.m.; we steamed up to it only to retire as quickly as possible; it was evidently very high. Hundreds of gulls and mollies were around it. Weather cleared at 4 p.m., and Disco

Island showed up well to the E., some 40 miles off. Snow in the evening.

MONDAY, MAY 15TH.—Very foggy morning and dead calm, but it cleared at 11 p.m., and changed to a hard N.E. breeze in the afternoon, the sun showing itself at intervals. Six degrees of frost last night and the rigging coated with ice. We dodged backwards and forwards off the North of Disco Island, the wind having increased to a gale. I read myself to sleep at 11-30 by daylight.



DEAD FIN-BACK WHALE.

This wind should clear the ice for us nicely to the North.

TUESDAY, MAY 16TH.—Still blowing very hard from the N.E., so at noon we turned round and ran into smooth water in Disco Fjord. C. shot a seal. White whales seen going North. Having a mail on board for the Governor of Godhaven (Lievely), we steamed slowly to the entrance of the harbour and blew our siren, which brought off two boats full of Esquimaux. Slippers, tobacco

pouches, model kyaks, etc., were produced and duly trokked (bartered) for coffee, biscuits, old shirts and trousers, handkerchiefs, etc. I wrote a letter to the Governor, excusing myself from calling, and sending him a present of two sacks of potatoes. It seems curious to be in a country in which money is a useless commodity. The natives, I must say, left a very unpleasant odour behind them in the saloon. We learnt that the "Novaya Zemlya" was in the the harbour at Lively, having towed the dead whale we saw on Sunday for the natives. This whale had a harpoon of the "Diana" in it, so she was undoubtedly on the ground before us. What with the smell of the natives and the whale, the name of the place Lively is very applicable under the circumstances. Fresh ice formed on the calm sea while we lay to. We left at 2-30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17TH.—The N.E. wind was still blowing fairly strong as we steamed along the Disco Island, the mountains of which rise to some 5,000 feet, the scenery being very fine and wild. We sought shelter under the lee of Hare Island at 9 p.m. The sea is studded, as far as the eye can reach, with hundreds of icebergs of all shapes and sizes. Fine all day.

THURSDAY, MAY 18TH.—Light S.E. wind. Followed the edge of the ice pack off Hare Island and Amanak Fjord, whose glaciers are the mothers of the numerous icebergs we have seen yesterday and to-day. This part of Davis Straits is usually a difficult one to get through, the ice packing off Hare Island, but fortunately for us it is very free—in fact old hands say they have never seen it so clear of ice. A few walrus were seen, but took to the water when we were some distance from them. Another glorious day. R. and C. wounded a large seal, but he managed to roll into the water and sink before the boat could get to him.

IV.

AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.

FRIDAY, MAY 19TH.—I was on deck at 5 a.m. We ran right on top of two walrus, which we had been unable to see on account of the sun; they went under before I had time to shoot. At 7 p.m. R. went after another with a young one, but she got away, rolling the youngster into the water before her with her nose. C. went out at 9-30 a.m. after two others: the first he wounded and lost, the second they got close alongside of with the boat and gave it the gun harpoon. It turned out to be a two-year old with small tusks. I went out after one at 3 p.m. He took to the water when we were 200 yards off, but came up and gave me a shot at 40 yards with good results. We were able to get the harpoon in him. The .303 expanding bullets did not penetrate the skull, but stunned him. Towed him to the ship and went after another lying on his back. I fired a little too soon and did not give the harpooner (Ned Scott) a fair chance, for although the harpoon got home it drew, and my bullet only brought blood. We followed him hard for three miles, but had eventually to return to the ship without him. This was a very good beast, with fine tusks, and I am alone to blame that he is not in the bag. We anchored to the ice, to do some repairs in the engine room. The engines making a great noise when starting and stopping, and have been to blame for disturbing a number of walrus to-day. Alec. Steward, the Specksioneer, secured a very fine bearded seal. Skin 8ft. 8in. Off again at 8 p.m., but had to stop at 9 p.m. on account of dense fog. We are off Black Head.

SATURDAY, MAY 20TH—Steamed slowly along edge of pack; what walrus we saw were very wild, as were also the seals. We

24 CRUISE OF THE *ESQUIMAUX*.

decided to make for Sanderson's Hope, a headland some 1500 feet high; we arrived off there at 5 p.m., lowered two boats and went to the loomery to shoot looms (guillimots). The looms gave us some grand sport as they came rocketing down from the cliffs; we bagged 75, the shooting being by no means brilliant. I can thoroughly recommend a day's shooting, as the birds are very difficult and having such thick plumage, take a lot of shot.



NATIVES OF UPERNIVIK.

Returned on board at 10 p.m. and steamed to Upernivik, the most northern of the settlements, where we made fast to the land ice at 11-30 p.m. We were immediately boarded by numbers of Esquimo men for the usual trokking. The women are not allowed on board vessels, but the majority of the crew went on shore to dance with them in one of the store houses. Three kyaks met us and came

to the fast ice. The men are very clever in their kyaks running them right on to the ice before they get out.

Upemivik has a Governor's house, a church, a parsonage, two store houses, and there are about 20 igloos (native huts). Lovely day.

SUNDAY, MAY 21ST.—Very hot all day, and dead calm. Wrote to the Governor, a Dane, and sent him presents of potatoes, tinned fruits, pate de foie gras, etc. The crew were on shore all day dancing. The women came down to the ice in the evening, when I gave them a chance of hearing the gramophone, which amused them greatly. The dress of the women is rather astonishing at first, but they look very neat and clean. They prefer being called Greenlanders to Esquimaux, as they are partially civilised and much above the natives one meets in the North. A woman's dress consists of a sort of blouse decorated round the neck and chest with beads, etc., a pair of tight seal-skin knickerbockers and long, tight, fancy boots reaching half way up the thigh. They wear nothing under this. They are very childish, and easily amused; in fact they remind me of the Japanese. After listening to the gramophone for an hour they all returned to the store-house for dancing again. John, my servant, tells me that the atmosphere in the dancing room was too much for him, and I can quite believe him. Living on seal and walrus flesh and blubber, as these people do, they naturally smell of it.

MONDAY, MAY 22ND.—A sharp frost last night, and a very hot day. I called on the Governor in state, and was received by him and his sister in their very comfortable little house. He kept me going for fully an hour-and-a-half telling him all the news. The last he had heard from Europe was what took place last July. He did not even know that the Queen of Denmark was dead. I was shown over the stores, and the tiny little church: introduced to the parson, an Eskimo who had been over to Copenhagen and ordained there: presented musical boxes and knives to the school children: took some photographs, and returned on board, to find that we had finished watering. This

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water by the way, is pretty bad. The crew have had all the boats on the ice for washing preparatory to painting. A 5 p.m. the crew were allowed to go on shore for a final dance. The Governor, his deputy, and the parson returned my call at 6 p.m.

The crew returned to the ship at 10 p.m., with all the fair sex of the settlement at their heels. Something went wrong with the condenser; so a concertina and violin were speedily at work on the ice, and dancing in full swing. I got up some races amongst the men and women, and gave scrambles for ginger nuts, tobacco, chocolates, etc. This was great fun. The women are not beautiful, but there were two quite good looking. All seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. The sun was behind the hill at midnight, and there were four degrees of frost while they were dancing on the ice.

The natives have provided us with seven brace of ptarmigan, which are excellent.

TUESDAY, MAY 23RD.—Got away from Upernivik at 5 a.m. and steamed N. 16 miles to Kingigtok, where there is a small settlement of 4 houses. The Esquimaux, both men and women, were speedily on board, and were given a good feed. I went ashore at 11 a.m. with R. and C. for a walk, but soon lost them, and climbed alone to the North end of the Island, having a fine view towards the North as to the state of the ice. Returned to ship after 4 hours, and had a ride on a three-dog sleigh; very good fun, the dogs travelling well, but I did not venture to manipulate the whip, which has a thong 15 feet long attached to a stock 1 foot long; one would probably flick one's own eye and miss the dogs. The crew arranged a football ground, and had a hard game, a good few of them coming back the worse for wear. The women came on board again at 8 p.m., and having heard the gramophone, dancing was started on deck and kept up till midnight. Lovely day.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24TH.—Left Kingigtok at 3 a.m. Punched our way through two or three nasty bits of ice and anchored to floe at 9 a.m., waiting for ice to open. Went out with C. and had a 12-mile walk on the floe; saw a few small seals, but only managed

to get one. They were very much awake. No lead open at midnight. We have now had 144 consecutive hours of sunshine.

THURSDAY MAY 25TH.—Got a lead by land ice at 5 a.m. and did good work as far as Horses Head, where I gave orders to make fast to land ice for a walk, having heard that gold had been found there. R., C., Joe, John, Second Mate and self, started over the ice for the land: very bad walking in deep snow, over hummoks and ice very rotten in places, especially near the shore. After a



UPERNIVIK.

difficult climb, we reached the summit, 1,500 feet, but needless to say, found no signs of what we were in quest of. R. remained on the ice, and got a seal: but did not see a bear which was a mile from him. The bear bolted on hearing his shot at the seal. From the summit we saw two dog sleighs making for the ship. One of these we sent to R. to carry his skin back. We had a nasty bit of work to get down again, but managed it without accident,

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and arrived on board after an absence of six hours. There was a spacious cave at the bottom of the hill full of very large icicles, and well worth visiting. Gave the natives some tobacco, and left for the North passing Duck Islands at 9 p.m. Too early for duck eggs. Snow fell heavily all night, so made fast to a floe.

FRIDAY, MAY 26TH.—Made some headway towards Wilson Head in the morning, but had to make fast in afternoon. From 8 p.m. till 11 p.m. we were hard at work punching the ice, but did very little good; so made fast. Fine.

SATURDAY, MAY 27TH.—Sixteen degrees of frost last night. Spent day alternately making fast to floes and forcing passages. We were two hours doing 100 yards at one place, but got on well when we were through until brought up by fog. Saw a good many seals in the course of the day, also some fresh bear tracks. The Devil's Thumb, a high pinnacle shaped hill rising out of the inland ice, is a sight. Barrels of pork, beef and biscuits are ready on deck to throw on the ice, should we get nipped, and every man on board knows what he has to do should occasion require. When a vessel is punching a passage, the crew run from side to side of her to cause a roll; this helps considerably to widen the opening and help her along.

SUNDAY, MAY 28TH.—Sixteen degrees of frost again last night. Fog lifted at 8 a.m. Punched our way slowly all day until brought up by fog at 10 p.m. Very large icebergs all round us. A school of white whales passed, making North; Lat. 74.29, at noon.

MONDAY, MAY 29TH.—Started at 7 a.m. and moved along slowly until 10 a.m., when we were checked; lead opened at 6 p.m.; we pushed on until 9 p.m. A bear was seen from the crow's nest between us and the land, but too far off to try for. The chart marks Melville Bay as "this coast line is uncertain;" it certainly differs from the chart. The Capes, such as Walker, Seddon, Lewis, and Red Head, are good land marks, being about 2,000 feet high, but between them there is only the inland ice studded with numerous nunataks; many a good whaling ship is at the bottom of the sea in this vicinity. Twelve degrees of frost last night. C.

tried his new Winchester rifle well to-day. I sent him after a seal on the ice about half-mile away, he got within 100 yards and gave it the eight cartridges he had with him : the seal never budged. Returning to the ship, he was supplied with fourteen more cartridges and set out to resume operations : before his ammunition had run out again he was within ten yards of the seal as it rolled into its hole and disappeared. We tested the rifle carefully afterwards, and found that it was sighted $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high at 200 yards. No wonder the seal escaped !

V.

SPORT WITH THE WALRUS.

TUESDAY, MAY 30TH.—A good day's work. We passed Sabine Islands, close to, at 2 p.m. and were in open water until 9 p.m. We were then badly checked. The ice closed in all around us at midnight. Numerous bear tracks seen, and one bear making for the land. Beautiful day.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31ST.—Blocked all day. Corrected C.'s rifle. R. tried for a seal without success, but went out at 9 p.m. after walrus, returning in 5 hours, after a long row, with large female. The beast had splendid tusks. Lovely day.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1ST.—The Dundee whalers "Diana" and "Eclipse" came up from the South, and made fast close to us. Some of our crew got papers of April 25th, which were fully appreciated. Many callers from the new arrivals on our crew. "Diana" has 44 walrus. "Eclipse" got a whale on the 19th, off Lievely. Hopelessly blocked, but there are signs of better luck soon. Ivory gulls round us all day. Lovely weather.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2ND.—When the ice opened "Diana" and "Eclipse" were in the favoured position, and were through first at 2-30 p.m. We quickly followed, and passing "Diana" went in pursuit of "Eclipse" whom we caught at 10 p.m., but she had a little up her sleeve and held us until we arrived at the fast ice off Cape York, at midnight. The natives, men, women and children, were there to meet us with their dog sleighs. They are the people Ross called the Arctic Highlanders. They all came aboard up the ladder from the ice, the women carrying their children in large hoods at their backs. They were dressed in sealskin kummings (boots), bearskin knickerbockers (fur outside) and bird skin jackets.

feathers next their skin. They wear nothing under this. They were very dirty, but very jolly and fat. I gave tobacco and pipes to the men, tobacco and knives to the women, also some biscuits and coffee. In return we received walrus tusks, dogskins, etc.



CAPE YORK NATIVES.

They had been North in the winter to visit Peary, who is at Littleton Island with the "Windward." They also informed us that there are two vessels there. The other is undoubtedly the "Fram," Captain Sverdrup. R. wanted to land on Bushman's

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Island, for an Esquimo skull, but was unable to do this on account of the ice. We have thus made a most successful passage of Melville Bay. Lovely day.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3RD.—I remained up all night. We passed close to some magnificent icebergs, which I photographed. We did well along the edge of the land ice, in open water. Passed Conical Rock at 6 a.m., and lay to off Dalrymple Island at 11 a.m. All boats were lowered in search of duck eggs, but without success. We are too early. Three natives came off in kyaks from Saunders' Island, and received the usual presents, in return for which they presented me with a new walrus skin, a harpoon line, and a sealskin fishing line. They had also been North to see Peary in the winter, and reported that he had made some sleigh expeditions and had plenty of dogs; he was suffering from bad frost-bite in one of his feet. Left at 1-30 p.m. and were hopelessly blocked at 7 p.m. 20 miles east of Cary Islands. Strong S.E. wind, driving the ice round us. I went on ice with Alec Aiken, 2nd mate, after a walrus. We did not get a shot. Ice very bad, and treacherous walking. We left the "Eclipse" and "Diana" at Dalrymple Island. Lovely day. Thousands of little auks and looms about.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4TH.—Ice all round us for 10 miles and drifting to N.E. Strong S.W. wind. Some narwhal playing in a small patch of open water astern of us. Lowered a boat and harpooned one, a female, 12 feet long, without a horn. Snowing from 9 p.m. until I turned in at midnight.

MONDAY, JUNE 5TH.—A hard day for the engines. For 11 hours we fought the ice. Eventually we succeeded in getting through the 10 miles into open water to the North. Full speed ahead, course due North. I shot a seal, which sank before we could lower a boat. Dull all day, with snow showers. Wind dropped in the evening.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6TH.—Fog in early morning, cleared off at 11 p.m. Course altered at 6 a.m. for coast of Ellesmere Land on the other side. At 1 p.m. set all fore and aft canvas. Sighted Mittie Island on port bow. At 5 p.m. we reached round the ice,

and made a S.W. course for Jones' Sound. We are now about 70 miles from Peary's winter quarters. The land ice from Ellesmere Land runs off many miles. Clearence Head in sight at 11 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7TH.—At 8 a.m. we were off Queen Charlotte's Monument and the S.E. point of Cobourg Island, at the entrance of Jones' Sound. I went off before breakfast in a boat with the first mate and returned at 11 a.m. with three walrus, one young one being alive. I lost, however, three large males with



DALRYMPLE ISLAND.

fine tusks, which sank before we could get to them. I find there is little use in killing a walrus in the water unless you are close enough to give him the harpoon. This especially applies to the males, the females sometimes floating for a time. We all had a great day, and worked hard until 7 p.m. Total bag—self 9 walrus, R. 7, C. 6, and Joe 1. I am sorry to say that not a few were lost in the water.

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One I had harpooned tried hard to drive his tusks into the bows of the boat, but without success. I brought another young one alive on board, as did C., making three in all; they made a great noise, barking like a dog. Taking those we had killed all round, the tusks were very small, many of them being broken. A large male was fast asleep on a point of ice. We brought the bows of the boat right into his tail, and Alec Stewart drove the hand harpoon home. The walrus turned round, and raised his head right above Alec to give his assailant his tusks. I was just in time to put the muzzle of my .303 to his brain and finish him off. Kiddie killed two large males later. We left for the steamer at 8 p.m. Total walrus killed 25, three young alive on board.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8TH.—Steamed along edge of middle ice pack in the morning. At 1 p.m., when off Horsburgh Island, turned in towards Cape Warrender and Lancaster Sound. Passed the "Eclipse" at 2 p.m. going out for the middle. She undoubtedly crossed South of Cary Islands, and arrived here before us. Nice breeze from N.N.E.; doing six knots under canvas.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9TH.—Anchored to fast ice in Lancaster Sound in early morning. Fog all day, and dead calm. Many narwhal, white whales, king sidlers, long tail ducks, looms and dovebies along the edge of the ice. I shot a narwhal female without a horn, and gathered it. In the evening I followed the edge of the ice in the fog and found land four miles from the ship. It proved to be N.W. point of Bylott Island. Landed and looked for duck eggs ashore with Ned Scott, but without success. We discovered tracks of bears and wolves. Shot two walrus, but both sank before we could get the harpoon home. Returned to ship at 2 a.m. Over 100 ducks and looms were bagged to-day. There were hundreds of ducks near the point where I landed.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10TH.—Fine Day. Left the floe at 8 a.m., and steamed to Cape Hay. Some thirty walrus were sighted in a bunch on the fast ice close to the land. Landed on ice from boat with Ned Scott and two men; walked three miles over the ice towards them, and found they were lying close to a large crack

the ice. I got in two shots. The first, dead, was rolled into the water by the rush of the others, and the second fell dead at the edge and slipped in. Ned Scott ran right into the middle of them and fired three or four times, but without success. It was most tantaliz-



A FINE PAIR OF TUSKS.

ing to see them with their heads out of the water within six feet of us, knowing it was useless to kill them, as they would sink. This was a most disgraceful performance, and we returned to the ship

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very crestfallen. R. and C. shot some 150 looms and ducks in the canvas boat, but were driven to take shelter on the ice by some walrus. John killed a walrus in the morning, and C. bagged two fine males in the afternoon, one measuring 12 ft. 8 in. Left for the middle ice at 5 p.m. Gave each of the crew 1 lb. of tobacco.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11TH.—Dull, with fog at times. Under canvas with wind N.W. “Eclipse” sighted to the South. Bear seen from crow’s nest trying to catch a seal. Fog prevented our getting near him. All hands feeding on looms, which are not at all bad eating. We have now come to the end of our fresh meat, which has lasted us six weeks. The meat was hung in the main and fore tops, covered with canvas, which speaks well for this climate as a larder.

MONDAY, JUNE 12TH.—Cruising in middle ice under canvas for whales. “Novaya Zemlya” and “Diana” in sight. Ice very trashy, and not good for whales. Fog at times.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13TH. Cruising under canvas. Fine, wind N.E. “Novaya Zemlya” hoisted bucket and ensign at 3 p.m., so the captain and Joe went on board, and brought back a bundle of newspapers for me, dated April 18th. The bucket is hoisted at the foremast, and is used to recall the boats when whaling. When hoisted on meeting other ships, it signifies a “mollie,” *i.e.*, talking and drinking.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14TH.—Cruising about 80 miles from land. Dull, with thick weather at times. Strong N.E. breeze.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15TH. Cruising under canvas. Dull, fog at times. Wind N.E., very light. We cannot open lead in ice to get further out.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16TH.—Ice closing in all round us. Therefore got up steam and made for Pond’s Inlet, South side of Bylott Island. Wind N.E., strong. Found fast ice had run out 15 miles from land. Made fast to it, but had to leave again at once, owing to drift ice coming down on us from the North. Fine all day. The land is covered with snow to the water’s edge.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17TH.—Made fast to land ice again at 10.30 a.m., expecting natives to come off to us to trokk, but

managed to get away at 10.30 a.m., just in time before the drift ice closed on the land ice. Passed Cape Liverpool at 10 p.m., *en route* to Lancaster Sound. Scenery very wild, mountains 3,000 feet high and large glaciers. Many little auks seen.

VI.

IN QUEST OF NARWHAL.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18TH.—We passed Cape Hay at 11 a.m., and made fast to the floe in Lancaster Sound at 3 p.m. Some three or four miles of the floe has broken off since we were here on the 11th. Many narwhals and white whales playing about round the ship. I went out after narwhals for five hours, but did not get a chance to harpoon; I fired once, but it was too far. Some 25 natives, men, women and children, arrived in their dog sleighs at 8 p.m., having travelled 17 miles over the ice from Bluff Head, Navy Board Inlet. These people are similar to the Cape York natives, but I noticed that the women had lines tatooed on their faces from their nose as a centre. They were also tatooed on the arms, hands, and knees. I had bought some tobacco out of bond at Dundee at 8d. a lb. I now got a very fine bearskin, 8 ft. 9. in., for 10 lbs. of tobacco, worth 6s. 8d., and a pocket knife. I gave the men knives and $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. of tobacco, the children small knives, and the women purses and $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. of tobacco. They were all taken between decks and given a good meal of pea-soup, biscuits and coffee. Each also received a clay pipe, and some men, women, and children of six years old, were smoking for all they were worth. The women are making kummings (boots) of sealskin. They use thread made from the sinews of the walrus and reindeer; this they carry in the dried flesh, and pick it out as they require it for use; they are decidedly neat with their needles. One of the native men had a terrible wound in his side where a walrus pinned him with his tusks. Nobody has been successful as yet with the narwhal.

MONDAY, JUNE 19TH.—Dull. Many narwhal and whales (white) round the ship, but our efforts to capture them have so far

been unsuccessful. One of the native women went "off her head" this afternoon: she struggled, kicked and danced; eventually, after crawling round the deck on her hands and knees and barking like a dog, the doctor took her in hand, and, with the aid of some medicine, she resumed her normal state. She informed Brown, our best linguist, that she was only suffering from sea-sickness. It strikes me that it is a good thing the fair sex at home do not develop the



THE BABY WALRUS.

same symptoms. The women carry their children in a large hood attached to their coats, the youngsters wearing a small, short jacket to cover their chests. They are naked below the waist.

The women's coats are shaped like an evening tail coat, buttoned to the throat, with a small tail in front. A woman saw the boatswain washing some of my clothes, and suggested she should like to try a wash herself. She stripped in the forecastle, before the men, and

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with the assistance of soft soap had the outer lair of dirt removed, and was fairly presentable. The women seem to have an inexhaustible supply of nutriment, feeding not only the children in arms, but even those of six years old. They wander about the ship *ad libitum*, and would not dream of taking anything without leave. A sleigh arrived with four bear skins (one 9 feet 3 inches) and a wolf skin. These were exchanged for a very old Henry rifle and 50 cartridges. Had to move a mile, owing to strong South wind. Floe rat-seal shot and gathered. Very cold all day.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20TH.—Dull, and blowing half a gale from S.W. Snow fell till 8 p.m. Natives afraid of floe breaking up; so started off in their dog sleighs at 4 p.m. to their settlement. The dogs had been lying on the ice close to their sleighs since they arrived on Sunday without food. A short swell got up, and caused the ship to bump against the floe a good deal. At 9 p.m. the wind changed to N.W. We therefore got up steam and returned to our position of yesterday. Tried for narwhal with R. in canvas boat, without success. Wind very cold; boat work very unpleasant. We are now in a splendid position for whales, being in a large bight in the ice where they are bound to pass. A boat is in the water, manned night and day, the whaling term for this being “a boat on the bran.” The three young walrus are thriving, and have been christened “Jim,” “Jack,” and “Jess.” They would eat nothing for ten days, but eventually were induced to suck some pea-soup through an india rubber tube; they now do without this, and feed themselves out of a small tub of oatmeal and pea-soup mixed. They pay occasional visits to us in the saloon and our cabins, taking a look round to see if things are ship-shape before retiring. They are nothing more or less than a sea water pig. I have now great hopes that we shall be able to take them back alive.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21ST.—The swell has gone down, and we have a dead calm. Several walrus were seen from the crow's nest, about five miles away, on some loose ice. Sent out R. and C. in two boats; they returned in four hours, without success. The walrus were no doubt disturbed by my shooting from the ship at some

narwhal. R. and C. told me that the report of my rifle was very great in the dead calm, in fact at four miles was much louder than at one mile. Kiddie harpooned a narwhal without a horn in the evening. I saw a narwhal put his horn out of the water to-day. I should think it was nine or ten feet long. A S.W. gale sprang up at 10 p.m. We had to get up steam and change our position a mile to N.W. for shelter. Snow in the evening.



ICEBERG OFF CAPE YORK.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22ND.—A large piece of the floe broke off in the early morning, taking us with it : so we had to get up steam and ship the anchors. After dodging about for an hour or more, we made fast again near where we were yesterday. Some white whales seen, but narwhal scarce. We think there must be a large crack in the floe on the north side of the Sound. Blowing a gale from the N.W. until 4 p.m. Kiddie shot and harpooned a walrus with a young one,

the latter being brought on board alive, but it was so young that we decided to destroy it. Several harp seals seen; one shot dead but not gathered.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23RD.—Dead calm, and dull day. A seven-dog sleigh, with a man, two women, and some children, arrived in the afternoon. R. shot a floe rat seal from the ship. Alf, the cook, and John went in the canvas boat after the seal, but were approached by a walrus, which, in spite of their endeavours to beat a retreat, kept close to them. John hit him twice, and the second mate eventually went to their rescue, and harpooned him. Had the walrus attacked the canvas boat they would have undoubtedly capsized, and as John cannot swim the consequences would have been serious, if not fatal; as it was, the walrus, when harpooned, vented his rage on the whale-boat, but only damaged the paint. A few ivory gulls shot. Snow showers during the day.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24TH.—Brown harpooned a narwhal in the early morning, with a horn 6 feet long. I am 34 years old to-day; so the “Esquimaux” is dressed. Glorious weather, with a slight North breeze, just enough to cause a ripple on the water. The crew were given a special dinner, with plum pudding and a glass of grog. I gave three prizes for a race for the whale-boats. The course was about 5 miles, starting from the ship round the canvas boat, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and return. Alec Stewart, with a fine crew of Shetlanders, came in first by three lengths; Alec Aiken, Second Mate, being 2nd; and Kiddie, 3rd. We are still made fast to the floe in the same position.

VII.

WAITING FOR WHALES.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, JUNE 25TH AND 26TH.—I made up my mind for a little expedition, the wind being fair, for Bylott Island. Started from the ship at 11-30 a.m. with the following crew:—Self, bow : C., 2 : R., 3 : Joe the Steward, 4 : John Collins, stroke : and Peter Halcrow (Shetlander), steersman : provisioned for four days. We steered along the edge of the floe, alternately sailing and rowing, the breeze being paltry. After several attempts to the westward of Cape Hay, we reached land at 5 p.m., about 25 miles from the ship. We had a strong current in our favour all the way.

After some food, R., C., and self started for a climb, came across some stones which the natives had used for pitching their tupecs (tents) : there was some coal scattered about, but where they can have brought it from goodness knows, as there is none near here.

We climbed some 600 feet, and walked along the plateau, which was partially covered with snow. It was as bleak and barren a landscape as I have ever seen—not a sign of life, and the only vegetation some patches of moss with a crimson flower. This is the same variety as I found in Spitzbergen last year, but the flowers appear to be slightly larger. We picked up some shell fossils on the top of plateau, and returned to boat.

A nice breeze having sprung up from the North, we set sail for Cape Hay, distant about five miles. On our arrival there, we set to work shooting the looms, which were in thousands, but soon had to give it up : the sea and wind were too much for us. We had 40 looms, however, when we stopped shooting. It was very hard work getting back to shelter. It was only one mile away, but it

took us a good hour to make the distance, and the crew were pretty well cooked at the finish. We landed on some ice in a little cove and had something to eat. I started off with R. and C. to climb to the top of the hills and walk along the plateau to Cape Hay. R. did not come far, but C. went with me over the snow to the other side of the Cape. He did it much against his will, as he called it a fool's game.

We found the Bay to the East blocked with ice. Some walrus were lying on the ice, by the crack where I had a shot at them on the 10th. Cape Hay, from the summit, affords a fine sight. Lying down, and looking over the edge, you can see thousands of looms at roost! A line dropped from the top would go into the sea. The height was 670 feet by my aneroid.

We returned over the snow, C. chattering all the time about "a fool's game," etc., but he was eventually calmed when he came to some water—a sight which was very welcome. We reached the cove at 4 a.m. (26th), stretched our mackintosh sheets on the snow, and got into our sleeping bags. Little sleep there was for us, however. The wind was very strong, and it was freezing hard; besides, we were in the shade, under the rocks. I suffered from cramp in the legs, and during one of the attacks, my air cushion pillow was blown into the sea. In spite of this I got more rest than any of the others. Peter, Joe, and John had a very poor time of it in the boat. She kept bumping under the ice at the fall of the tide, so that she had to be watched carefully. At 2 p.m., when it was high water, we hauled the boat on to the ice, on account of the sea. All hands then took a walk to warm themselves. It must be understood that the ice we were on was fast to the land—in fact like a small glacier; consequently, at low water there was an ice cave underneath the glacier, and C. had a narrow squeak when walking in front of me. The snow gave way under him, and he was saved only by throwing out his arms, and so got out safely. On looking down, we saw he would have fallen some 30 feet, and doubtless injured himself badly. The wind still blew very strong and dead ahead for our return. R., C., and self changed our sleeping quarters to a bank of small

stones above the cove, and the others made themselves a tent out of the sails and oars between two rocks.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27TH—Joe woke me at midnight, and informed me that the three of them had managed to launch the boat, and that there was less wind, and more Westerly. After something to eat, we started at 12-30 a.m. and rowed hard some five miles to the edge of the floe, where we set the sail, and went along fairly well,



A NARWHAL.

but the current was taking us to the East fast. It had a shot at a walrus, and wounded him in the neck. I was afraid he would sink if I killed him. He showed up once again close to us, but, as that was the end of him, we held on our course. The wind died away at 3 a.m., and we had a long two hours' row in a scorching sun and flat calm. R. and self each missed a seal on the way. We reached the floe at 5-30 a.m., all hands being glad to get

a spell of rest and some breakfast. The glare on the snow and the heat of the sun was now making our faces very sore and our eyes bad, none of us having our spectacles with us. Starting again, we rowed hard for another two hours, in a dead calm. It was very warm work. I spied something on the ice on the far side of the bight we were crossing, and, a nice breeze springing up, we got within a 100 yards of some duke seals on the ice. They were very much awake, and I only just managed to get in one shot as the last of them was moving off, and luckily the shot hit him in the head. He proved a fine seal with a skin 8 ft. 5 in. R. and C. walked after another while we were flinching, but he did not give them a chance. The "Esquimaux" in the meantime had come towards us, and made fast some three miles off. She had had to move on account of two large icebergs driving down to the point where she was fast. The breeze did not hold, and we eventually rowed up to the ship at 10 a.m., after a most unsatisfactory outing. This was due entirely to the weather.

The captain informed me that a piece of the floe seven miles long and three miles broad had broken off to the North of us, and that no whales had been sighted.

Alec, the 2nd mate, shot and harpooned a walrus close to the ship. The brute drove his tusks through the bottom of the boat, and she is now being repaired on the ice.

Bag made during our absence:—1 narwhal, horn 3 ft.; 1 og duke seal (Kiddie); 2 floe rat seals; 70 looms. The looms were very thick round the ship on the 26th, the captain killing 15 at one shot. Heavy rain came on at 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28TH.—Rain in the morning, which turned into snow showers in the afternoon. Sky overcast the whole day. Great numbers of white whales about, but narwhal not in evidence. The after effects of the sun and snow are now showing themselves. R. and Peter Halcrow are suffering from snow blindness; the latter is the worse; the rest of us, of course, feel it a little, but not sufficiently to stop our reading.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29TH.—Kiddie shot a walrus to-day on a

oose piece of ice, and brought the young one alive on board. At 3 a.m. it came on to blow hard from the East. We were quickly surrounded with broken pieces of floe, which bumped against us in the somewhat nasty sea. We steamed out of this at 4 a.m., towards Cape Warrender, where we dodged about till midday, when we made for a large bight and made fast at 3 p.m. It was a lovely afternoon, and dead calm. R. shot two seals: many seals were playing about, and narwhal in great numbers. R. and C. took a boat and went after some seals on the ice, about three miles off. While they were away, a whale was sighted some two miles off, in loose ice. Four boats were sent out very quickly, and R. and C. recalled by bucket: however, we never saw the fish again, and the boats were recalled at 11 p.m. No shooting was, of course, allowed, and this was most annoying, for the narwhal were lying well, and there were five walrus and some large og duke seals on the ice to the East of us.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30TH.—Narwhal are about to-day in great numbers, moving along edge of floe. Dull, thick weather. Steamed back to our position of yesterday morning. Ice not broken so much as we expected: in fact, only the points had suffered. Two of the carcasses we left on the edge of the floe were still there. Dense fog all night.

SATURDAY, JULY 1ST.—Thick weather still, and hard East wind. Steamed away from floe at 7 a.m.: set our canvas, and dodged off Cape Warrender all day. Wind veered round to South at 7 p.m.: so we sailed towards Cape Hay for shelter.

SUNDAY, JULY 2ND.—Wind strong from S.S.E., with thick weather. Under canvas all day, between Capes Hay and Warrender. A good deal of loose ice about, with some large floes. Snow fell after 6 p.m. Lay to at 10 p.m. It is difficult to know exactly where we are. We have not had a sight of land to-day.

MONDAY, JULY 3RD.—Wind more to the E., and sun attempting to pierce the fog. The mist lifted at 5 p.m., and showed us the tops of Byam Martin Mountains, but only to become as dense as ever. Less wind in the evening.

TUESDAY, JULY 4TH.—Cruising under canvas in same thick weather ; wind E. Made fast to a floe at 2 p.m. Fog lifted slightly at 9 p.m. Sighted “Eclipse” coming up from the S.E. ; she made fast to the same floe, at 10 p.m., two miles from us. Very thick all night. Boat on the bran.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5TH.—When the fog lifted in the morning we found that we were fast to floe, which was drifting down the coast between Capes Liverpool and Hay. We steamed to the N. and made fast to it again, “Eclipse” being to the N. of us, and “Diana” to the S. Floe was drifting fast, so we steamed through the loose ice to the N., “Eclipse” going N.E., and “Diana” following us. Some ten miles of the fast ice has broken off, and is drifting down the coast by Cape Hay, where we have had open water for the last month. Jack, the walrus, died this evening.

VIII.

WHALES ARRIVE.

THURSDAY, JULY 6TH.—C. called me at 2 a.m., in fine calm weather, to shoot seals from the fore deck. A good many were in sight. I lost three, which managed to roll into the water. R. killed one, but the shooting was hard—nothing nearer than 80 yards—and an og duke has a very small head. None of us did well.

Found the floe had broken off as far as Cape York on the South side of the Sound, but still was intact up to Cape Warrender in North.

I went out at 6 a.m. in a boat and harpooned two narwhal, one with a horn 7 feet long.

Went out again at 10 a.m. but had no luck; missed a good narwhal with the harpoon, and lost five seals, which sank before we could gather them.

The longed-for cry "A fish!" was called out at 3 p.m. Six boats were immediately in the water, some of the crew turning out with their jackets, trousers, and boots in their arms, and dressing in the boats when at their stations. The fish next ran close to the second mate, but not near enough for a shot. The boats spread out after he went down, going in the direction he was heading for. Ned Scott was with him when he rose, and got the harpoon home amidst cheers. We had then been out an hour: he was down 27 minutes when the first mate rode up to him and gave him the second harpoon, shortly afterwards the second mate giving him a rocket. He also received another harpoon, but was not finished off with the lances until 5.25 p.m., amidst renewed cheering. We steamed out towards the boats and got him alongside at 6 p.m. He had taken out about 700 fathoms of line, which was put on the

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steam winch, and taken on board. The fish had struck the bottom hard with his head and damaged it. There is between 400 and 500 fathoms of water here.

Started flinching at 8 p.m. The fish is moored to the port side, tail towards the bows, by a tackle run up to the fore rigging and the head by a tackle to the main rigging. The fish, of course, is on its back. A piece of blubber, about 3 feet broad, is



FIVE BOATS IN PURSUIT.

stripped off by the neck of the whale, and this is attached to a large block and tackle called the "cant:" by this contrivance the fish is turned round as required. The harpooners are on the whale, with spikes lashed to their boots, and armed with blubber-spades and knives. The blubber is removed in huge pieces, weighing from 5 to 10 cwt., and hoisted on deck, where the boat steerers cut it up again into pieces, about 3 feet square, and the line managers throw

it into the hold. There are also two boats alongside the whale, which are termed "mollie" boats. These serve to hold the spades, knives, etc. The blubber is received in the hold by the "skeaman," who stows it away. It is taken off the belly first; the fish is then pulled over on its side by the cant tackle, the lips removed, and the whalebone detached by special tackle.

During this work at the head, the harpooners, at the other end, are cutting long slices from the tail to the neck. When both sides have been finished, the tail is separated from the carcase, and the latter disappears, amidst the cheers of the crew. We finished at 11.30 p.m. The "Diana" killed two fish to-day.

FRIDAY, JULY 7TH.— Lovely day. The "Diana" sent out two boats in our direction this morning, but without success. We left the floe at 10 a.m., and started "making off" at 12. The blubber was hoisted on deck, cut up into pieces about 1 foot square, and relieved of all bits of flesh, or "krang." It was then taken to the harpooners, who are stationed on each side of the vessel, and was placed on the "clash" on iron stanchions, with five spikes, fixed into a socket in the deck. The harpooners cut off the skin with blubber knives, and pass it on to the boat steerers, who, armed with choppers, stand behind the "speck trough," which is about 18 feet long by 2 feet wide, with a hole in the middle. Attached to this hole is a large canvas shoot, which goes into the blubber tank below, where the skeaman is on duty. The boat steerers have in front of them their cutting blocks, which are pieces of the whale's tail. On these they cut the blubber into small pieces. It then falls into the trough, and is shoved down the shoot into the tanks. We finished at 3.30, amidst the usual cheering. The result of operations was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of whalebone and 6 tons of blubber. There being no wind, we steamed and made fast to ice at 6 p.m. Fish seen at 8 p.m., but disappeared. Natives came 30 miles over the ice in two sleighs from Navy Board Inlet: hundreds of mollies following the ship all day for bits of krang and blubber. R. and self tried for some seals in opposite directions, without success: dangerous walking.

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SATURDAY, JULY 8TH.—Many narwhal seen making South. Strong East wind sprang up, and had to put natives on the ice. Felt sorry for them. They had only been on board four hours, and had 30 miles to go back home again. Made fast to ice two miles from the land at 10 a.m. Hard breeze until 8 p.m., with



FLINCHING A WHALE.

thick weather. Wind then moderated.

SUNDAY, JULY 9TH.—Very dull, with some wind. Fairly sheltered. “Diana” at fast ice in Navy Board Inlet. R. and C., went for a row. A large school of white whales had found their

way under the ice to the mouth of a small river, and seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. Steamed back to our old position at 6 p.m. Rain falling heavily.

MONDAY, JULY 10TH.—Strong S.W. wind, with rain, changing to snow at times. Steamed ten miles to N.E. in afternoon, and made fast at 5 p.m. Heavy rain at night.

TUESDAY, JULY 11TH.—Fine to-day. R. and C. went out in a boat in the morning after narwhal, but without success; they were all on the move. I shot a seal from the ship. I also went out in a boat after what we took for a wounded narwhal, some two miles off, with a number of mollies flying over it. On coming up to it, we found it was very large walrus, with a splendid pair of tusks. I stupidly fired the harpoon at him when he was coming at the boat under water, and only succeeded in wounding him, the harpoon glancing off. Knowing he would sink if I killed him, I gave him six '303's in the neck, and he eventually came at the boat. I was obliged to finish him off. He went down like a stone before we could get the hand harpoon in. This was most annoying—he was the best beast we had yet seen. On my return to the ship, I wounded another, which C. had a long chase after, in a boat, but he got away. In the evening a walrus got up on the ice, about 400 yards from the ship, and a boat was manned by R. as harpooner, one of the men, John, Joe, and C. steering. They got within four yards of the walrus. R. carelessly missed with harpoon gun, but shot him dead with the rifle. He rolled into the water, and they managed to get in the mooring harpoon, the hand harpoon being foul of the other fore gear. The language amongst this amateur crew, as heard from the ship, was magnificent. However, they hauled him up on the ice, flinched, and brought him on board at 11 p.m. He proved a fairly good beast. Kiddie went after another, without success. One seal taken alive this morning.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12TH.—Jessie, another of our young walrus, died last night. Heavy snow fell in the early morning, covering the rigging. Steamed out at 8 a.m., on account of strong East wind, which brought a swell and caused us to bump against the floe a good

deal. Made fast to the floe again about 20 miles off Cape Warrender, and remained there in dead calm until 6 p.m. When the wind in the middle of the Sound had died down, we returned to our position of the morning, getting there at 8.30 p.m. No sooner were we fast than a strong North gale sprang up, but, as this was over the floe, we were in shelter. Thick weather.

THURSDAY, JULY 13TH.—Wind very strong from N. all night. I stayed up, and shot two seals, both of which sank before a boat



THE ESQUIMAUX FAST IN ICE.

could get to them. Very thick in the early morning, but it cleared at 8 a.m. We found that we were drifting gaily down the Sound, fast to the part of the floe to which we had anchored. This had broken off about 7 miles long by $\frac{1}{2}$ mile broad. There was a large bear half a mile from the ship, but the wind was so strong that we could do nothing with a boat, and we had reluctantly to leave him in undisturbed possession of his floating island. Steamed back to

the floe, and made fast at mid-day. Clear, but blowing hard all day. "Diana" still fast to the ice in Navy Board Inlet.

FRIDAY, JULY 14TH.—I stayed up again all night, the wind gradually decreasing, and fog at times. From the crow's nest, it could be seen that there was a large crack in the ice some 3 miles long, stretching right across the Sound from Cape York, towards Cape Warrender. This large piece is bound to come out during these tides: as it is, pieces are breaking off all along the edge, and we had to move our anchors twice in the night. Many white whales and narwhals came up this morning. These appear to be fish fresh from a passage. Wind changed round to the E. in the evening. It was accompanied by a heavy snowstorm, which lasted two hours. A nasty swell also is coming in, and there is too much bumping to remain here if it continues.

SATURDAY, JULY 15TH.—As I anticipated, we had to leave the floe at 1 a.m. We steamed out two miles, and lay to. Thick weather to South of us, but it cleared off in the morning, and we had a lovely day. A bear was seen to the North of us walking along the edge of the floe. R. went after him in a boat. After rowing three miles, R. landed to get a shot before the bear swam a lead in the ice. He managed to get in three shots at long range, but the bear went off at a great rate, untouched. I went out in a boat after a walrus, but did not get quite within sufficient range for the harpoon gun, and, as he was tail towards me and safe from the rifle, he got away also. Shortly afterwards I killed a good og duke seal, measuring 8 ft. 2 in. We made fast again to the ice, but a big swell from the East came in, and the floe broke up rapidly. The "Diana" got through on the South side first. We had to cross from the North to get there, getting in to the heavy pieces of broken floe, from six to ten feet thick. We were in open water again at 9 p.m., going towards Admiralty Point. This was very heavy ice to tackle, especially as a strong head wind had sprung up. Made fast at midnight to the floe off Admiralty Point. Some 30 miles of the floe has now broken up, but what we are fast to, looks like staying for a day or two.

SUNDAY, JULY 16TH.—Fine day, with slightly N.W. wind. A bear came within a quarter of a mile of the ship, along the edge of the floe, at 2 a.m. R. went out after him, but he got away without a shot being fired. Another bear seen, at 8 a.m., on the ice towards the land. R. shot a seal from the canvas boat, and I shot an og duke from the deck-house. C. went out on the ice, but the seals were too wild. Jim, the walrus, died this afternoon. Jessie 2nd, the remaining walrus, had a swim to-day. She is very tame, and follows you in the water as you walk along the ice. She comes up on the ice when you call her. “Diana” is fast to the ice, seven miles to the N. of us. If fish do not put in an appearance soon, it is a bad look-out for us.

IX.

UPS AND DOWNS OF ARCTIC SPORT.

MONDAY, JULY 17TH.—Fine day. R. had an idea that he could harpoon narwhal from the canvas boat with a “droge” (an inflated seal skin), attached to the line, but he had no opportunity of testing his experiment. The narwhal were very shy. C. tried for seals on the ice, without success. “Diana” steamed down, and made fast to the ice close to us. Captain Adams came on board for what they call a “mollie.” He has had splendid luck, his catch up to the present being 9 whales ($7\frac{1}{2}$ tons of whalebone, and over 200 tons of oil), and 80 walrus; one of the latter has four tusks—a thing unheard of in these parts before. He values his catch at at least £14,000, on last year’s prices; and this has all been done in a month. “The “Diana” was fitted out and provisioned for the season for £1,200, so this leaves a clear profit of £12,800—not bad, by any means. Here have we been five weeks anchored to the floe, and in twelve days she catches five fish within sight of us! truly cruel work. He tells us that when we steamed out to pick up the small fish we had caught we turned a large whale with a sucker (young one) towards him, and he secured it. However, he has had three blank seasons in this ship; so he deserves a slice of luck.

TUESDAY, JULY 18TH.—The “mollie” continued till 6 a.m. when the “Diana” steamed off to the South, and made fast close to the land. The ice broke up at midday, a piece about 20 miles long by three wide coming out, which we steamed round, and made fast again to the floe. R. tried for seals in the afternoon, but could not get near them. A walrus came close to the boat I was in, and I wounded him; he came up again, and attacked one of the oars. I, unfortunately, must have cut his wind-pipe with the shot, for he

went down like a stone, and we had no chance of getting in a harpoon. From the deck-house I shot an og duke seal, which was gathered. The crew being under the impression that we had a Jonah on board, settled on the chief engineer, and so made an effigy of him; had a mock trial, and then marched with the "culprit," on a stretcher, to the captain, headed by two violins and a concertina, and a man dressed up as a parson, the ship's bell, in the meantime, tolling mournfully. They reported to the



AFTER A FISH.

captain that they had tried him and found him guilty. Thee were told to burn him and hang him. The effigy was, therefore, taken forward, set on fire, and hung up to the fore yard, where he went off in pops, being loaded with cartridges. Several of us with rifles meanwhile blazed away at him. This seemed to please the crew immensely, but I doubt if it quite pleased the chief engineer.

R. killed two seals, and I wounded another walrus, which was

lost, although R. tried to get at him in a boat. The ice broke up at midnight, and a small fish was reported seen in clear water over the broken ice.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19TH.—Fine morning, and flat calm. I turned in, but R. went out in a boat and secured three og duke seals. C. was also out, but without success; Peter, who was with him, bagged an og duke. A bear was observed on the ice at 5 a.m., playing round a crack where some narwhal were blowing. R. went after him, with Alec, the second mate. The bear came to within 100 yards of them before he turned to run. He received two shots—one in the quarter and the other about his middle; he managed, however, to get about a quarter of a mile away, then he lay down behind a hummock. When they walked up to him to finish him, he charged them. Alec, who had been waiting for R. to fire, had no time to raise his rifle to his shoulder, but fired from his thigh. The bear dropped within a yard of his feet. R. in the meantime was legging it for all he was worth. A small bear. I tried all day for narwhal, but could not get near any, although they were plentiful. R. bagged a harp seal in the afternoon. From the crow's nest a fish was reported a long way off, going away from us. Alec bagged an og duke seal when on the bran. Rain fell from 5 p.m. Hundreds of harp seals, in schools, playing about all day.

THURSDAY, JULY 20TH.—At 3 a.m., they woke us with the news that a whale had risen right alongside the ship, when she sounded. Seven boats were quickly in the water, the captain, from the crow's nest, allotting them their stations. The fish rose again, about 300 yards from the ship, and gave Alec Stewart, a chance of getting a shot, which was spoiled by the first mate racing up to him. The captain, from the crow's nest, gave the latter some friendly advice. She rose a third time, but went down, only to return in five minutes to give Peter Halcrow a splendid chance within four yards. At this shot all the crews cried out, "A fall!" "A fall!" but Peter, in some unaccountable way, missed, and thus we lost a very large fish. She rose once more, in a crack in the floe, but was not seen afterwards. A stranger coming on board just now would think that

there had been a death on board, so great is the gloom. This fish was worth about £1,500. Thick, foggy weather after 6 a.m. The floe began to break up at 11 a.m.; so we steamed slowly and aimlessly about until 10 p.m., when the fog lifted, and showed we were off Admiralty Inlet. Made fast. Brown killed an og duke seal at 7 p.m.

FRIDAY, JULY 21ST.—Dull weather. Fast to the floe. I was in bed all day, with rheumatism in the neck and shoulder.



FAST TO THE FLOE.

SATURDAY, JULY 22ND.—Still in bed. Dull, thick weather. We had to keep changing our position on account of the floe breaking up in patches.

SUNDAY, JULY 23RD.—This morning we were in a nasty position; the whole of the floe had broken right across many miles up the Sound, and was coming down in one solid mass. We were shut in in a large pool of open water. Luckily for us, it opened, at

11 a.m., to the North, and gave us a passage about half a mile broad. If this had not happened at the time, we should, undoubtedly, have been nipped, and the "Esquimaux" lying at the bottom of Lancaster Sound. We steamed South, and saw a bear on a large floe. I gave him a shot with the Mannlicher, and touched him up in the hind leg, but we never had any chance of getting him. He was never within 500 yards. Thick weather at night.

MONDAY, JULY 24TH.—Snow and fog all day until 5 p.m., when it cleared to show us Cape Byam Martin, about 25 miles to the West of us. We picked our way under canvas through some loose ice towards the land, and were off Cape Bathurst at midnight. Clear at night.

TUESDAY, JULY 25TH.—At 5 a.m. I called C., and sent him after a bear on a large floe. The bear walked to a point of the ice, and took to the water without having seen the boat, although it was within 300 yards of him. We all thought the bear as good as on board, but, although C. stayed out for two hours, he never saw him again. I cannot explain this, because the bear was afterwards seen on the land ice from the crow's nest. They cannot have kept a good look-out along the edge of the floe. Steamed into Pond's Inlet at noon, intending to go to the Salmon River; picked up two lots of natives on the way, and had great difficulty in preventing four or five families from coming on board. Found the river unapproachable on account of ice. Engaged two of the natives to stay on board, and dropped the rest of them at a small settlement, R. and C. going on shore with them. They had great difficulty in preventing the whole settlement from coming off with them. Bartered tobacco for six fine narwhal horns.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26TH.—Dull day. A bear, with two cubs, was seen some five miles off, but a native in his kyak was there before us, and shot all three on the ice. This was a nuisance, as I could have caught the cubs alive. We got the three bears from the native for 100 cartridges. Had the cubs' liver for breakfast and the meat for dinner—not at all bad. Tried for soundings, but could get no bottom at 270 fathoms. I sent C. after two walrus on a patch of

ice ; one had a magnificent pair of tusks, but C. was unsuccessful, though both were wounded. Sighted the "Eclipse" at 5 p.m. and the "Diana" at 7 p.m. Both came into the Inlet. We are dodging off the mouth of Pond's Inlet, under canvas. One of the natives on board, called by the men "Tom," can write. His proper name is pronounced "Etichita."

He wrote a sentence on a piece of paper for me in Russian characters :

Translation :—"English paper make long way off."

THURSDAY, JULY 27TH.—After tacking about all night off the entrance to Pond's Bay, we took in our canvas, and steamed to some fast ice about a mile from Cape M'Culloch. R. and C. walked over the ice to the land, with the two natives, in order to shoot reindeer. When landing, C. got wet to the middle ; he did not, however, come back to change. I went out in the boat some three miles to the North. I landed by the mouth of a small river, having shot a seal on the way. We all walked to a lake at the foot of a glacier, five miles inland. There was a fair amount of grass in the valley, and plenty of small yellow poppies and other small flowering plants. We came across fresh reindeer tracks on our return journey, and found the skin of a whale on the beach. We were on board again at midnight. The hunters had, meanwhile, secured our reindeer, and reported the ground showing numerous fresh tracks. The mirage about the ship and icebergs was very peculiar at a distance of three miles.

X.

EXPERIENCES WITH THE NET.

FRIDAY, JULY 28TH.—Dull day, with occasional sunshine. Landed with R. and a boat's crew, in the morning, at the mouth of the river, armed with shovels, picks, and fishing-rods. The fishing was a failure, but I set the men to work at the whale, thinking we might come across some whalebone. We got out about 30 feet of the skin, which had dried with the blubber on it into a hard sort of leather about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick: it must have been frozen in the ice many years. No bones of any description were found near it. Brought a section of the skin on board. Nobody had seen anything like it before, but, from the smell and traces of oil, it was put down eventually as a fin-back whale.

Steamed into Pond's Bay, past Eric Harbour (where, we think, "Eclipse" and "Diana" are beset) and Cape Weld, and anchored in a small bay to take in fresh water. Landed at 8 p.m. at the mouth of a river, and tried for salmon with spoon and minnow. No success: water like pea soup. Natives, Joe, Alf, and John went after hares, but did not get any, although they had some shots, but a .450 Henry rifle is not suitable for hare-shooting.

SATURDAY, JULY 29TH.—Fine day. The second mate tried the river with a net early this morning. He had no success. Crew busy watering from small stream of clear water all day. Landed with R. and second mate, and boat's crew, with net and canvas boat in tow. We got two miles up the river with the boats, and walked up to a glacier. The crew found some bees, and took a small quantity of honey. R. shot three small salmon in a tributary. We returned to the boats very muddy, through crossing the creeks. Had several hauls with the net at the mouth of the river, and got

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two small salmon. The mosquitoes up the valley were big and irritating. The ship was beset to-day with ice for three hours. We had doubts as to our getting on board, but the ice cleared at the turn of the tide sufficiently for us to pick a passage through. The carcase of a narwhal, minus its head, floated past the ship, and was secured for the skin and blubber. This had doubtless been killed by the natives farther up the bay. We returned to the ship after midnight.

SUNDAY, JULY 30TH.—Dull day. Left at 8 a.m., and steamed up the Inlet. Sent a boat on shore to a settlement, where the natives were flinching narwhal, and brought off two men, with their kyaks, who wanted to go to the big salmon river; in fact, the whole settlement would have come, if they had been allowed. Found the ice prevented us from getting to the big river, so anchored off a small one, and landed with R., C., second mate, natives, and a boat's crew. At the first haul, with our 15 fathoms net, we got 257 salmon, from 12 lbs. to 3 lbs. We then sent the boat back to the ship for our rods, and tried with fly, spoon, and minnow, but the fish would not have any of them. They were all simply gorged on sea lice and a small brown worm. While we were away, the ship dragged her anchor; there was a stiff breeze blowing, and our boat was left high and dry. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to wait patiently until after midnight, when a boat was sent off to us from the ship, and, after a very hard pull and a good wetting, we got on board at 1.30 a.m. Five natives joined us while we were fishing. We left a boat's crew ashore. We netted about 500 salmon during the spell ashore. They are excellent eating. It was blowing a hard gale when I turned in. The natives, when we caught the salmon, each selected two fish of about 4 lbs., and ate them raw; 8 lbs. of salmon, at a sitting, is not bad.

MONDAY, JULY 31ST.—I slept peacefully, but the Captain and crew had a busy time of it. We dragged our anchor three times and did not get a good hold until 9 a.m., when we anchored in a small bay on the North side of the river, close in. We all went on shore in the evening for another haul with the net. We were much

hampered with large stones, and tore the nets considerably, but managed to get 113 salmon. The mosquitoes were very bad on shore, and they are larger than I have seen in other parts. R. and C. went up the river to give the fish a selection of flies, but they would look at nothing. Sent off two boats at 11 p.m., in charge of Alec, second mate, to net the big river, about six miles distant. No wind since 10 a.m., and dead calm. Two or three large pieces of ice came down on us during the day. We managed to clear them,



ARCTIC SALMON.

however, without weighing anchor.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1ST.—Heavy rain in early morning. Got under weigh at 9 a.m. for big river, and found anchorage at 10 a.m., 2 miles from it. R. and C. went off in canvas boat to fish a lake reported some few miles inland, but they returned without finding it, and had seen nothing. Alec, second mate, returned with the two boats in the afternoon, having captured 1,272 salmon in under four

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hours on a bad tide. He was much bitten by mosquitoes. I went out in the evening with Tom, the native, after hares. Saw one in the distance ; also a snowy owl, which I followed up for some time, but, as he never allowed me to get nearer than 500 yards, I left him, and shot a raven. I saw two northern divers on a small lake, and had a long shot at one of them, but did not get him. I have not made myself popular by shooting the raven ; the crew consider it unlucky. There is an old superstition that the captains of whalers, when they die, take the form of a raven—the only bird that remains throughout the winter with the Esquimaux. The first mate badly injured his foot with the cable to-day. Rain at night.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2ND.—Weighed anchor at 9 a.m., and steamed back. Made fast to a large floe off a stream where the natives had pitched their tupecks. Put on shore all the natives who had been with us during the past few days, except Tom and Sam, but were speedily boarded by others. Two kyaks brought off four each—the man, his wife, and two children. When one takes into account that their kyaks are only canoes made of sealskin, this is rather a startling performance, especially in a little sea. The captain procured a kyak for me ; we also got two narwhal horns of good size. In exchange, they accepted a few cartridges, some biscuits, coffee, and our old net, which is practically worn out, being full of holes. R. and C. paid them a visit on shore. The “Eclipse” and “Novaya Zemlya” passed down the inlet, under canvas, towards the salmon river, at 2 p.m. A hard S.E. gale sprang up at 11 p.m. The wind continued all day and night. We had to be continually making fast again to the floe, on account of pieces breaking off.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3RD.—In early morning it could be seen that the two other ships were unable to get to the river on account of ice. We left the floe in thick weather, at 10 a.m. Rain all morning and part of afternoon. Tried to put Tom and Sam down where we picked them up, but their tupecks, wives and families had left in the other ships. Crossed the inlet, and picked our way into the bay, where we took in water, and anchored at 7 p.m. Commenced watering at 8 p.m., and continued all night. Four

narwhal came close to the ship, but, although we lowered a boat, they did not give us a chance. Hills shrouded in mist. Rain all night.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4TH.—Thick weather, with rain, but no wind. Finished watering at 8 a.m. R. and C. went on shore after hares. I had a consultation with the captain, and decided to go North if we had a fair wind. We have still 230 tons of coal on board, but have to use it judiciously, as we do not know what ice work we have



ESKIMAUX IN KYAKS.

down South: I trust that we shall not have much punching to do. Having to keep a full head of steam uses up the coal. R. and C. returned without having seen anything. This is not surprising, for you cannot see more than 100 yards on shore in this weather. Second mate went off in quarter boat with Tom and Sam, to take them to the settlement, 25 miles away. We were again slightly bothered by ice during the day. The glacier, in the bay, has moved

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considerably since we were here last, and will soon discharge an enormous quantity of ice.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5TH.—Fine day. Second mate returned with boat ; they had a hard row back, with a strong, head wind and nasty sea, and were ten hours doing 25 miles. We were in a dead calm here all the time. They found by the shore the dead body of a native, covered over with skins. His bow and arrows, spears, pipe, etc., were beside him, and his dog was tied up to a stone about 100 yards off ; the latter was alive. They left the man as he was, as some of the tribes do not bury their dead. Alec found a comb, and native cooking stove of stone. R. killed two hooded seals. Steamed slowly out towards Button Point, and took the boats for the loomery, at Cape Graham Moore—R. and C. in one boat, and self in another. I bagged 123 looms, and R. and C. 99. Dense fog. At 10 p.m., set our course for Cape McCulloch, but had to lay to during the night.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6TH.—Sailed with a light N.W. breeze to the South, in thick weather, fog lifting at 3 a.m. to show us our position, 6 miles off Button Point. Dense fog all day ; sun trying to pierce it without success. Lay to after standing off a few miles. Tried to get soundings, but no bottom at 270 fathoms. A few icebergs near us.

MONDAY, AUGUST 7TH.—Cleared in early morning, a nice S.W. breeze springing up, of which we took advantage, and set our course N.E. Passed Cape Bathurst at 5 p.m. Then the wind brought up a dense fog, which continued all night ; so we were compelled to lay to. There were some large icebergs off Cape Byam Martin.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 8TH.—When the fog lifted at 8 a.m., we found ourselves close to a large iceberg, and about 15 miles from Cape Liverpool. We steamed in, and anchored about 1½ miles from the shore. R., C. and one of the crew went off after reindeer in one direction, and I went, also, with a man towards Cape Fanshawe at 11 a.m.

The walking was very bad. The ground consisted of soft mud ; and we were a long time in getting across a large river, having to go

inland some 5 miles before we could ford it ; both of us got a wetting. The water came direct from a large glacier, 3 miles from the point where we crossed. I rounded Cape Fanshawe, and walked up the valley between it and Cape Byam Martin ; saw fresh tracks, but no deer, so returned to the ship, which I reached at 2.30 a.m. I was dog tired, having been walking for 15 hours. R. and C. got back before me, and had had quite enough of it. After comparing notes, we found that at the finish none of us could walk more than 300 yards without resting. This ground, I am told, used to be very good for reindeer, but, doubtless, the natives have pretty well exterminated them, as they are known to hunt here even in the winter.

XI.

THE LAST OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9TH.—At 7 a.m., when I was sleeping like a log after my exertions, C. called me, and told me that a whale had risen close to the ship. We sent out six boats, but the fish was travelling fast, and, although Alec Aiken got within a ship's length of him, about a dozen times, he could never get near enough for a shot. All the boats returned at 2.30 p.m., having been rowing for seven and a half hours. This was a very large fish, and it is unusual to see them here at this time of the year. Nice S.E. breeze sprang up, so set the canvas and sailed along the coast. C. shot a fine og duke seal, measuring 8 ft. 8 in. This seal is the same as the bearded or ground seal. The natives call them "oggzooki," which I suppose the whalers have turned into og duke. This has been a glorious day. I counted from the ship 71 peaks of mountains, on our port side, in sight at one time.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10TH.—We skirted a bank of fog ahead of us, and did not get a sight of land until 5 p.m., having been in and out of the fog all day; we were also hampered considerably by ice, having to lay to several times. Cape Hay showed itself half a mile distant, and although there was a nice little breeze, we found we were doing nothing against the tide, which was running very strong. On the turn of the tide, a very strong breeze sprang up, and for a couple of hours the "Esquimaux" fairly raced along at nine knots in smooth water. After passing Navy Board Inlet, however, the wind dropped away until it was again quite calm at midnight. To-night the sun touched the horizon for the first time since May 15th. We shall have to use lamps again in a day or so. Thick fog when I turned in.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11TH.—Fog cleared at 8 a.m., so we steamed into Admiralty Inlet, and found it full of ice; we made fast to a large floe, on the chance of natives coming off to us, but as the ice is very trashy and full of holes, I am afraid there is little chance of our doing any "trokking." This is the third year that ships have been unable to get to the natives here, and as by this time they must have a large number of skins, we lost a great opportunity of doing some good business. There is a strong current running here, and the loose ice is going past us very fast. At 4 p.m. a bear was seen swimming towards the floe close to the ship; I sent out C. in a boat, and he wounded him as he came out of the water, and finished him off as he was going away with a broken shoulder. He was a small bear. Fine; no wind.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12TH.—Steamed out in early morning to have a look at the ice towards Prince Regent's Inlet and Barrow Straits. As far as we could judge, it appeared to be a fast floe, but as a S.E. gale sprang up, we had to set our canvas and run back. As the wind had shifted the ice off the mouth of Elwyn Inlet, we managed to get in here into dead calm water, and made fast to a loose piece of ice. There was not a breath of wind inside, although there was a stiff gale round the point. This is a very wild place, and the formation of the land would be most interesting to a geologist. High cliffs, some 800 feet, with the strata most clearly defined in brown, black, yellow, red and slate colour. The larger Cape not having a name, I have called it Cape Rockingham. We took soundings, and got bottom at 170 fathoms. Second mate shot a seal.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13TH.—Steamed out at 8 a.m., but as it was still blowing a gale, we returned and made fast again. The wind has caused a current to run out of the Inlet, and we are drifting. Landed at noon with R., C., Joe, John and Alf, to examine the different kinds of rocks, and took a walk up the valley, where we indulged in some prospecting. C. and the others were much interested and perplexed at some metal like gold which they were getting in places by the river. I think Joe and myself could have

given them a very good idea what it was; anyhow, we worked it very well, and they think they have discovered something good. I found a few fossils of no moment, and the remains of an old native settlement, also some wreckage of boats—probably the “Ravenscraig,” from the colour of the paint. It rained very heavily most of the time we were on shore. An occasional yellow poppy was all the vegetation to be seen. The wind changed at 9 p.m., so we steamed out. We were just in time, as a number of



CAPE BYAM MARTIN.

heavy flocks blocked up the entrance half an hour after we left. Set all canvas, but wind died away. Thousands of mollies holding a meeting after the gale.

MONDAY, AUGUST 14TH.—Swell after the gale, but a lovely day, and no wind. Steamed half speed from Cape Charles York to Navy Board Inlet. We intended to make the inner passage by Eclipse Sea, but had to give up the idea on account of ice. Set

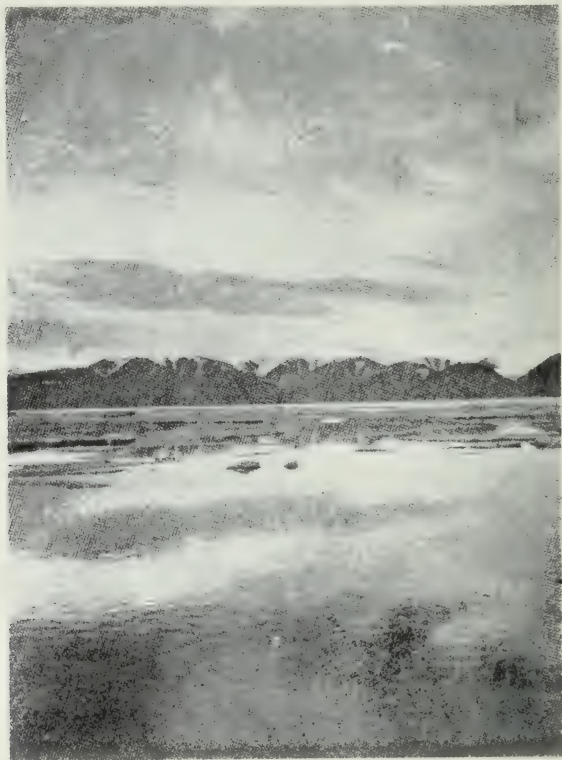
all canvas, a little wind having sprung up. Dodged monotonously backwards and forwards off the mouth of the Inlet, but, the tide being against us, we did not gain more than five miles in eight hours: so, the wind having again died away, we steamed once more along the coast. Lamps in use again.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15TH.—Steamed slowly along the coast of Bylott Island in the morning, and at 2 p.m. came to anchor in a bay without a name, between Capes Fanshawe and Byam Martin. R. and C. landed with second mate and John at 3 p.m., and I did the same with Joe shortly afterwards. R. and C. returned at 7 p.m., without having seen any deer; second mate and John remained out. Joe and self walked on other side of river to the others, but failed to sight anything, although we climbed the hills and had a good view of the large valley. R. went in boat after 5 walrus in the water, but when he was close to them a whale was seen, and the boats which had been lowered went out for her, but she never showed herself again. The light was bad at the time (11.30 p.m.), but on the other side there seem to have been doubts as to fish having been seen. A fine day.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16TH.—Lovely day. Weighed anchor at 8 a.m., and steamed round Cape Byam Martin. A light N.E. breeze, so set canvas and sailed slowly down the coast with the tide. At noon the wind dropped, and we made a lot of leeway, as the tide had turned. A few seals were swimming about, and a walrus was sighted, on a piece of ice, at 3 p.m. I went after him in a boat, but he rolled off before I could get in a shot. I managed to wound him in the back, at 150 yards, and then ensued a long chase, but we could never get within 200 yards of him, although I managed to give him another bullet too far back. We returned to the ship after having rowed hard for four hours. Steamed into land, and anchored, in 15 fathoms, to the N. of Cape Bathurst.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17TH.—R. and C., with Alec Stewart and Ned Scott, left at 3.30 a.m. for reindeer with two boats' crews. Myself, Joe, John, and Alf., left at noon, and landed by the Cape.

We had a lovely view and a glorious walk, but found no deer. The sun was very powerful and caused a dense fog, both in the valley and on the sea, and it was a fine sight from the height we had climbed, about 1,500 feet. On the one side were glaciers and ice-clad mountains as far as the eye could reach, and on the other



THE LAST OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

the sea covered with a dense white fog, which looked exactly like a large snow field. In descending to the boat, we entered the fog at a height of 300 feet, and I missed the others, so made my way down a steep place by a small glacier. I had a narrow shave. A mass of rock which I had loosened came down after me, and

passed about 4 yards to my left. As there must have been at least five tons, I should not have had much chance with it. Found a bear's skull, and had some difficulty in picking up the ship at 10 p.m. R. and Ned Scott had returned. They saw no deer, but had bagged ptarmigan. C. returned just before us. He had seen nine deer: he brought on board two young snowy owls (of which he had seen many), and a young blue fox—all three alive.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18TH.—I left with Joe, John and Alf, to try and get some more young owls, as one of those we had on board had been destroyed having been injured in the back. We went up a large river, but the tide being low we failed to get to land properly, although we tried hard for two hours. Under these circumstances we ran the boat ashore on a large spit and proceeded to kill a few ducks (long tails): the black headed tern attacked us, so we had to kill a few, and we took some of their young. We found three narwhal horns—one a good one about 7 feet long—and I shot a good river seal. There were many bones of whales on the spit. We arrived on board at 9 p.m. with a very odd cargo, consisting of one seal, three narwhal horns, six long tail ducks, five tern, one oyster catcher (?), two sand pipits, and one purple sand piper: also, ten young tern, two sand pipits and one sand piper, all alive: various portions of whales, a small fish, and a quantity of wreckage. Fog very thick all afternoon. The other party saw some deer, but did not get any. R. killed a young bear from the ship while I was away. This would not have occurred had I been there, as he ought to have been taken alive. One seal was bagged from the ship.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19TH.—Under weigh at 9 p.m., but dense fog came on and did not clear until 2 p.m. Many large icebergs about. Steamed South, and into a large bay without a name, North of Cape Graham Moore, and anchored, at 8 p.m., in 14 fathoms. C., second mate, and Jack Brown landed at 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20TH.—Another fine day. At 2 p.m. rowed over with R., six miles, to Cape Graham Moore to increase our stock of looms. I had only some wire cartridges, with No. 8 shot,

as I have supplied all with ammunition on the trip, and R. and C. have not spared it. R. had the ship's gun, with 40 rounds. Returned on board at 7 p.m. with 200 looms. C. and others returned at 10 p.m., having killed one deer with a small head. They had seen some 14, but they were very wild. One of the hinds picked up her fawn in her mouth and swam a river by the glacier with it. The deer seem to take to the shelter of the glaciers, now that the sun is strong in the day time.

MONDAY, AUGUST 21ST.—Steamed out at 9 a.m. round Cape Graham Moore, and set the canvas for Cape McCulloch. Wind very light. Many large icebergs about.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22ND.—Wind changed to South in the morning, and was fairly strong. Tacked backwards and forwards off Cape McCulloch all day; "Diana" was at anchor off the Cape. Dropped anchor at 6 p.m., seven miles to South of "Diana." Some of our crew went ashore to visit the grave of the father of one of the men, who is buried here. A boat from the "Diana" came to us at 9 p.m., with letters for home, they being under the impression we were homeward bound. They reported that they saw a fish on Sunday, but had done nothing with the whales, although they had been down South. They had, however, bagged a few walrus. Capt. Millan, of the "Eclipse," has been very ill. Two large whales appeared, this morning, by some icebergs. We sent four boats out after them, but when they were half-a-mile off, one of the icebergs split with a loud report, and sent the fish off at the rate of 15 knots: cruel luck!

XII.

A TURN IN THE LUCK.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23RD.—At 6.30 a.m. a tremendous noise on deck awoke me. There were cries of “A fall!” “A fall!” It appears that a fish ran close to the ship, and Jack Brown was into his boat and had the fish fast inside three minutes. Dressing as quickly as I could, we found seven boats away, and lowered ours, manned as follows:—Self, bow; Ben, the steward’s boy, second; Alf, third; Joe, fourth; John, stroke; and R., in his pyjamas and fur coat, steerer: I went out with two cameras to photograph. Rowing hard, we caught the boats up, and were within 200 yards of the fish, which had five harpoons in him; we hitched on to the first mate’s boat, and were towed along at 6 knots by the whale, who was now towing all the eight boats; the other boats all exhausted their rockets on him, some not exploding owing to being damp, and others bursting outside him. He towed us round an iceberg in single file: Jack Brown, in the last boat, got his line foul of the berg. He had to let all his 550 fathoms of it go and row after us. By this time the whale was making for some loose ice about 4 miles from the ship, and we were soon in it. All this had occurred in shallow water, and he now had seven harpoons in him. Whenever the whale raised his tail to go down, he lifted all the seven lines with it, and brought the whole of the boats forward with a jerk. The moment we were in the loose ice all the boats had to pay out line. The first boat had got broadside on to the ice, and had we not done this would have been dragged under. I had during all this taken several photographs, but the light was not good. Jack Brown in the meantime had caught us up, so I cast loose and rowed forward with him. The whale was now

unable to drag the boats at any pace in the ice, and, indeed, it took us all our time to pick our way through. I gave Brown my rocket which appeared very damp, but it went off, and he finished him, with two lance thrusts, 20 yards from us. I jumped on to the ice and helped to shove him from under a floe. He was killed at 9.30. We then rowed back to the ship, weighed anchor, and picked up the fish. Anchored again in 14 fathoms; began to



A WHALE TOWING THE BOAT.

flinch at 2 p.m., and finished at 3 p.m. It was really amusing to see the boats while they were being towed. All the men were dressing. They had jumped into their boats in their under-clothing, carrying their boots and clothes in their arms. This is a fine male fish, with bone 10 feet 10 inches. "Diana" left at 10 a.m. for the North, and "Eclipse" took her place in the evening. We think that the "Novaya Zemlya," who is to the South of us, killed a fish to-day, as we saw her steam out of the

fjord to-day, where she was anchored, and go back there, as if she had picked up a fish and towed it in: but it is too far to make anything out from the crow's nest.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24TH.—Again, at 4.30 a.m., the boats were called away and sent after two fish, which had risen close by. The fish made North, and the "Eclipse's" boats joined in the chase, but all had to give it up, and our seven boats were on board again at 10.30 a.m., after a hard row of six hours. The "Eclipse" reports that her crew have been after whales for ten days, without success, and are pretty well tired out. Capt. Millan, of the "Eclipse," who it seems is very unpopular, when fast to a large fish, called to Capt. Guy, of the "Novaya Zemlya," for assistance, which the latter declined to give. As a result the "Eclipse" lost a fine whale and 550 fathoms of line. It appears that Millan has always declined to give assistance to others, and that is the reason he was refused on this occasion, and, I think, justifiably so; but it seems a pity to throw away £2,000 like that. R., C., and self went ashore for five hours, but the ground has been worked lately by a native, whose tracks we saw. "Making off" began at 2.30 and finished at 9.30. The fish will give us 18 tons of oil. Four boats were sent after another fish at 1 p.m., but they soon returned. The "Eclipse's" boats were out again, without success. The Captain informs me that these whales are hemmed into the ice outside us, by swordfish.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25TH.—Dull day, with Southerly wind. A fish rose a quarter of a mile from us, in shore, and we lowered five boats for her, but she was not seen again. Heavy snow, on and off, all night.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26TH.—Dull and cold day, with light N.E. wind. Went in boat with R. to get the ears from the carcase of the whale we killed on the 23rd, which had drifted into shallow water 6 miles to the South of us. The carcase was surrounded by hundreds of mollies, and was dreadfully high—in fact, so bad that I had to give up all idea of using the knife on it. This seems very strange. That a dead beast can get as bad as it was in three days,

when there is frost at night and bay ice forming on the water, is difficult to believe. Ship weighed anchor and got under canvas as we returned, but the wind died away, and we had not moved a quarter of a mile, when we anchored again. R. went after a large walrus with a fine pair of tusks, and had him mortally wounded and floating by the boat for half an hour. The gun harpoon, however, would not go off, and as the hand harpoon would not penetrate his hide, he sank. Fog in evening. Bothered by heavy ice coming down on us with the tide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27TH.—Thick fog in the morning. A fish was heard blowing close to the ship, but the fog was so thick that it was useless lowering a boat. Cleared at 11 a.m. Fish seen at 3.30 p.m. Lowered two boats, but they returned at 6 p.m., not being able to get near her. Sent Joe and John to pick up a reindeer horn which I saw with the glass lying on the land, but it was only one of moderate size. We were again considerably hampered with heavy drift ice during the evening, but had not to weigh anchor. New potatoes have been a luxury we have been indulging in daily for the last month. We have some 30 tons on board, and they are growing in the after hold splendidly.

MONDAY, AUGUST 28TH.—A lovely day, without a breath of wind. During the night a considerable quantity of bay ice had formed. This did not give the boats much chance with the fish early in the morning. Seven fish seen at 4.30 a.m. Four boats were sent out, and Stewart and Peter Halcrow nearly got shots; boats returned 9 a.m. Three more fish seen at 10 a.m. Five boats sent out to the South. A. Stewart got the shot, and missed; he had no right to take it, and was on top of the whale when he fired; he is severely blamed by all on board. A fish rose 200 yards from the ship, and not 10 yards in front of R., who was going ashore in the canvas boat, for reindeer; a boat was sent after her, but did not get a chance. All boats returned at 3 p.m. A fish seen again at 3.30 p.m. Four boats sent out. No luck.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 29TH. Boats away at 4.30 a.m. Lovely day. Two boats to the North, two to the East, and two to the

South. Bay ice very bad in the early morning, but a N. breeze smashed it up before noon. The boats in the N. and E., both nearly got shots before 9 o'clock, but were just out of range. The boats to the South got fast to a fine fish—Kiddie's striking. She took out all his line, and he fastened on to the first mate's, but as luck would have it, the fish got the line foul of some rocks on the bottom, and the harpoon drew when she had 600 fathoms (1,200 yards) out. Another fish was seen later, but all boats were on



THE TAIL OF THE WHALE.

board at 5 p.m. Banks of fog came down on us after 6 p.m., but the wind cleared them almost directly. A bear was seen from the crow's nest coming towards the ship, but it turned towards the E. at 10 p.m., and disappeared. If he had come another mile in our direction, he would have smelt the carcase of our whale, and we should, doubtless, have had him in the bag. The winter has now, undoubtedly, made a fair start, as we have frost every night.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30TH.—Another fine day. Five boats away at 4.30 a.m. “Diana” sailed up at 9 a.m. into dead calm. I shot a seal from the ship. R. and C. went ashore after reindeer. “Diana” steamed past us to the South; this was very bad form, as our boats were out and after fish in the morning. Saw a bear on the ice 2 miles to the South, but did not go after him, since the boats were after another fish. The “Diana” lowered five boats after her as well, so we sent another boat to cut off their leader. Fish, however, travelled North too fast for boats to get near, although she rose once close to three of ours, but she blew in a hole in a large floe. The boats turned the bear away from the carcass of the whale, which the bear was making for. Gave a bottle of pickles from my large store to each of the crew.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31ST.—Fine in the morning. Five boats sent away to South, at 5 p.m. They were soon after a fish, but the bay ice was so bad that they could do little or nothing with her. “Diana,” who had anchored in the fjord (no name), sent all her boats after a fish at 4 p.m. At 5 p.m. we weighed anchor, and steamed slowly South, picking up our boats. Fog came on at 7 p.m.; this compelled us to anchor again, in ten fathoms. The fog, however, cleared sufficiently to show us that “Diana’s” boats were fast to a fish, and she was steaming out to pick them up. The bay ice was very bad in parts, to-day, and several of our boats are much cut about. This has again been an unlucky month. We have lost two fish, which should have been on board. One was lost through the greed of the harpooner, and the other through a shot which did not penetrate the frame, but only touched the blubber. With any luck at all we ought to have had £10,000 worth on board; instead of that, we have only £3,000.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST.—Dull day. Sent away five boats at 4.30 a.m. Dead calm. R. went ashore in the canvas boat, and shot five ducks and four sandpipers, the latter are quite as good to eat as snipe. At 3 p.m., our boats, and the “Diana’s,” started after fish. We weighed anchor at 6.30 p.m., and steamed slowly towards our boats, which we picked up. They had seen five fish, and had got

close to one of them, Kiddie nearly getting a shot. The mate had killed a bear in the early morning. A. Stewart slipped on the ice, and letting fall his rifle as the bear charged, would have been in a nasty position if the mate had not killed. There were many seals on the ice to-day. I counted sixty-seven on one piece; but, of course, we are not shooting, for fear of disturbing the whales. The bay ice was again bad, and there were four degrees of frost; but bay ice forms round the loose ice when the thermometer is not registering frost on deck. We anchored at mouth of fjord (without name) at 8 p.m.

XIII.

THE "FALL" IN HIGH LATITUDES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND.—Another dull day, with dead calm; we are still anchored in the same place. Five boats sent away five a.m., but they saw nothing all day. "Diana" is still lying to outside us, but she did not lower any boats; I suppose they were engaged "making off." I tried the "kayak" (native canoe) in the morning, and found it most difficult to steer. R. went after an og duke seal in it, and got a ducking trying to get out of the boat on to the ice; we went to his assistance. I went ashore with C. at 6 p.m. to try and get some ptarmigan, which were reported plentiful on an island. Had a long row and some very bad walking, but saw nothing except three white hares, which took good care to give us a wide berth. A bear was seen from the crow's nest in the morning, but he took to the water and was lost sight of. "Diana" has taken down her "speck" gear. There are many seals on the ice again to-day.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD.—Dull day, with dead calm; slight snow throughout the day. Still anchored in same position. Sunday always being an off day on whalers, two volunteer boats went away, under charge of the second mate and Brown, at 10 a.m., up the fjord. R. and C. went on shore to again seek the ptarmigan, but returned without success. A bear was seen from the crow's nest at 4 p.m. He was unapproachable, however. A whale was heard to blow nine times not far from the ship. By this time, unfortunately, it was too dark to do any boatwork. The two boats had not returned at midnight. The seals have disappeared. I am afraid that the fish have gone South, as the "Diana" is off.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH.—Snow all day and night. The boats were seen in the distance at 7 this morning, when it cleared for a few moments. Three boats were sent after them at 1 p.m., and they returned at 3-30. They had seen no fish, but had bagged a seal and nine hares. The boats went some 30 miles up the fjord, and could see a long way inland. There is no saying where this fjord goes to, and the chart of this coast is simply a farce. From what I have seen and heard, I am sure that what is called Cockburn Land is intersected with fjords, which very likely even run to Prince Regent's Inlet. Therefore, the whole of this land is nothing more than a group of islands. What a chance for a man to do some really good surveying work!

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH.—Still snowing. A fish blew and was seen at 3 a.m., but it was impossible to see far in the twilight. We went under weigh at 9 a.m., and set all canvas, there being a light air from the North. We sailed out ten miles to get clear of the ice. Many icebergs aground, but not of a great size. Took soundings, and, to our surprise, got bottom in 30 fathoms. Cleared at 4 p.m., and showed the "Novaya Zemlya" lying anchored South of the small island close to the land. Frost, early in the evening, made the decks very bad to walk on, but a South wind sprang up and the thermometer speedily rose to 37°.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH.—Dull, with slight snow. Under canvas ten miles from the land. Sailed to the South of the large island at the mouth of Coutts' Inlet, and anchored. Although the wind had increased to a gale outside, we were in a dead calm, under the lee of the island. R. landed with John and set a fox-trap. Snow cleared at noon, and a boat came off from the "Novaya Zemlya" to pay us a visit. She had four fish, 2½ tons of whalebone, and 45 tons of oil. They had been 40 miles up the fjord, where they killed 40 hares in a day; reported them very plentiful. The ship has been anchored here for three weeks, but has only killed one fish, although she has been after many. Snowed hard again in the evening.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH.—Dull day, but snow ceased

in early morning. "Novaya Zemlya's" boats killed a fish, five miles to the South of us, early this morning. Sent three of our boats out to the North. The ice was coming towards the land at a great rate, and a large piece, 20 or 30 feet thick and 100 yards broad, was on us before we could do anything. We payed out as much cable as we could while the engines were starting, but the mischief had been done, and on hauling in the cable, we found that we had lost our port anchor. Waited for R. in the kayak and our boats, and steamed outside the ice by the



A BIG ICEBERG.

land, and lay to, in slight snow. A boat from the "Eclipse" (which had come from the North) boarded us, with a man to see the doctor. He had been treating a badly burnt foot with bread poultices. "Eclipse" had two fish (small). Heavy snow at night, with 5° frost, and decks in very bad state. Steamed in and anchored by small island at mouth of Coutts' Inlet. Our boats and those of the "Eclipse" after a fish up the fjord.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8TH.—Lovely morning; everything covered with snow; the land snow-clad down to the water's edge does not look interesting. "Novaya Zemlya's" dinghy came to us with two natives, bringing the captain four hares. These two natives were decidedly an improvement on what I have seen in the North. They actually washed their hands before eating, took off their caps, and put their pipes in their pockets when coming into the saloon. They much wanted to remain with us. They say they did not get enough to eat on the "Novaya Zemlya." Four boats away in morning, but came back, at 2 p.m., having seen no fish. Got under weigh at 3 p.m., and steamed South in heavy snowstorm. Made the land at Shakpook Bay, at 8 p.m., and attempted to get shelter. Heavy gale. Had to dodge under lee of land. We could not anchor, owing to heavy travelling in a swell. At 10 p.m., in the dark, we were struck heavily twice by a large mass, but steamed clear. This collision shook the ship from stem to stern, and would have sent any ordinary vessel to the bottom in a few minutes.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9TH.—At daylight steamed round the point into Bodega Harbour. Tried for anchorage, but failed to get bottom, so set canvas, and at 10 a.m. sailed South, with hard N.W. wind. Land clothed in snow, and scenery very wild here. The cliffs rise to over 1,000 feet. Took in canvas, and steamed into W. entrance of Dexterity Harbour at 4 p.m., and on the second attempt picked up an anchorage at 7 p.m. The natives were on the island, but could not come off to us from the fact that it was blowing a hard gale. From the bridge I can count nine tupecks, and they have a whale-boat. We are anchored within a cable's length of the shore, and close to the wreck of the "Eagle," which was lost here in 1893. All hands will be glad of a night's rest. Last night was decidedly lively. The owl and the black-headed tern have been roosting in a box together. The tern is a bird about the size of a dove, with a tail six inches long. The weather seems to have increased the owl's appetite. Last night he swallowed the tern whole—feathers and all—and seems

very happy over it. This is not bad for an owl two months old!

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH.—Anchored at Dexterity. Blowing a gale from the N.W. all day. Natives will not come off to us, as we could see their boat, stove in, lying on the South shore. Having lost our port anchor, we had to let go a kedge to take its place. Frost all day.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH.—Four boats sent away, at 6 a.m., to watch outside the harbour. Dull, with slight snow throughout the day. Landed with R. and C. in the tupecks, and made the acquaintance of Alnick, the head of the tribe here. He is the only Esquimaux, on this side, who has been to Dundee. There were some forty people in the settlement. Our boat was seized and filled with men, women, and children. All made for the ship. I took a walk along the shore with C., and returned to ship in canvas boat. I find that “kummings,” the native boots are the warmest things to wear, so I set the women to work on three pairs. The natives were much impressed with the gramophone. Examined the wreck of the “Eagle.” You can see her engines plainly under water. I wonder they were not removed; they were reported to be good. The afternoon and evening were spent in playing poker, exhibiting the polyphone, and endeavouring to speak Esquimaux to an admiring crowd. I am trying to take a half-caste boy back on the ship. He is an orphan, and I fear is none too well treated on shore. He himself is delighted to come, but Alnick, for some reason best known to himself, is against it. The ladies took great interest in my retiring to roost. Freezing.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH.—A dull day, with frost. Anchored at Dexterity in the same position. Five boats sent out at 6 a.m. R. and C. went ashore in canvas boat and kayak. Sent a boat along the coast to search for water, but everything frozen: no rivers running. “Ballena” came in at 3 p.m. from the Greenland fishing, and Captain Robertson paid us a visit. “Ballena” has one fish-8 feet bone; 18 musk ox, 5 walrus, and some bears. The Greenland fishing has been a failure this year. The fish caught was the

only one seen. It is many years since a whaler came to Davis Straits from the other side. My kummings were finished this evening. Heavy snow all night.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH.—Another dull day. Five boats sent away again, 6 a.m. The "Ballena," also, had four boats out. Six degrees of frost all day, and we had to clear the decks, spars, and boats of snow, this morning. "Ballena" is short of provisions, and I am finding them some beef, pork, etc. Have arranged to accept, in return, six musk ox skins, and a head with skin for setting up. I went with R. on board the "Ballena," and had a most interesting talk with Captain Robertson. He knows Franz Joseph Land, Spitzbergen, and the East coast of Greenland better than any other of our Dundee skippers. In 1897 he bagged 600 walrus in Franz Joseph Land. This year he showed the "Antarctic," the Swedish Government ship which is taking out provisions to *cache* for the "Fram," the best route to reach Scorsby Fjord. The "Fram" wintered with Peary, near Littleton Island. She is attempting to round the North of Greenland. R. had a walk on shore in the morning. Snow all day, and very cold. Nine degrees of frost.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH.—Fine in early morning, but N.E. gale after 9 a.m. Nine degrees of frost. Five boats sent away at 7 a.m.; "Ballena's" boats also out. R. went ashore for a walk. The captain, who intends to start South as soon as the weather moderates, sent all the natives on shore. After a bit of haggling with Alnick, we secured the native boy for an old pack of cards. He is delighted to come, and arrived on board at 6 p.m. "Eclipse" came in, and anchored on the opposite side of the harbour in the evening. The boats came back at 5 p.m., having had a very cold day. They were after a fish in the morning, but she was travelling very fast and going South. They could not have done much with her in any event, on account of the heavy swell. The wind changed round to the N.W. in the evening, and blew as hard as ever. Freezing all day.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH.—"Novaya Zemlya" came in

during the night. Fine morning, with strong N.W. breeze. Weighed anchor at 6 a.m., and passed Cape Adair at 11 a.m., under canvas, but the wind dropping, we steamed, and passed Scott Inlet at 4 p.m. Scott Island, at the mouth of the inlet, is a fine sight—a sheer precipice, 1,300 feet into the sea. On the N. side of it, there is a pinnacle of rock rising perpendicularly with the cliff some 400 feet high. The Bruce Mountains, 4,000 feet high, to the N.W. of it, are very rugged. The land was slightly covered in haze, but there is no loose ice about, although icebergs of different sizes are numerous.

Passed Hell's Kitchen at 6 p.m. A nice N.W. breeze having sprung up, we were again under all canvas and steam. Lay to at 7 p.m., off Hecla and Griber Rocks. Captain thinks it is a likely place for a fish in the morning. Wind changed to South; very light. I trust that the river is not dry at Eglinton Harbour; if it is, we shall have to depend on melted ice for our water supply on the homeward voyage. Freezing all day.

XIV.

ROCKNOSING.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH.—A fine morning. At daylight we were 10 miles off the entrance of Eglinton Fjord. No wind, so steamed slowly in at 8 a.m., and dropped anchor in Ravenscraig Harbour, at 1 p.m. This is a place well sheltered from all winds. R. and C. went ashore in the canvas boat, and reported tracks of bear, foxes, hares, etc., in the snow. They also found the remains of some igloos, built of whalebone. The natives, I hear, were literally starved out of this place a few years ago. John and Joe were also ashore, and saw a wolf and several hares. There is, or rather was, a large river at the head of the harbour, but it is so frozen that our boats only succeeded in getting four barrels of water in three hours; so we shall have to look elsewhere—probably where R. and C. were this afternoon, as they report water flowing from a lake. Dull at night, and a snowstorm brewing. Freezing all day.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH.—Heavy snow, and S.W. gale. Freezing. R. and C. again went ashore in the canvas boat, and reported the water still flowing.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH.—A fine day. Five boats sent away to the entrance of the fjord. R. went ashore with John, at 8 a.m., to walk round to our new anchorage. Weighed anchor at 8.30 a.m., and steamed 4 miles round a point to a harbour we shall call Esquimaux Harbour. Found water running from the lake, but it was difficult to get it into the casks, on account of the shallow water for the boats. Eventually we got out of our difficulty, by landing a small pump, and all the hose we had. Even then we had to keep changing from one stream to the other, on account of the water getting brackish in one place at high water, and the other

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place being so shallow at low water. Went for a walk with C., but found no tracks of any kind. The snow was very deep, and walking was no pleasure. Found what we thought was gold, but it turned out to be mica, discoloured by iron, or something. Boats returned at 5.30 p.m., and stopped watering at 6. We found a small lake



MR. A. BARCLAY WALKER.

covered with 4 inches of ice, and another lake on the same level, half a mile away, not frozen at all. Freezing all day.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH. Dull day. Five boats sent away. Watering went on slowly, the pump having got choked.

We knocked off at 4 p.m., on account of the snow and a strong N.E. wind. Boats returned at 5 p.m., having seen nothing. Freezing all day. A gale at night.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH.—Heavy N.E. gale, and snow all day. Impossible to do anything. All hands on board. R., who had tied (!) our only self-registering thermometer on board in mizen rigging, was surprised to find that the wind had blown it on to the deck, and, of course, broken it. C. and self having witnessed the marvellous way in which it was lashed (!) were not so thunderstruck at the result. This is a great nuisance, as our only way of registering now will be to get the man or officer on watch to take readings. Cleared the decks of snow twice to-day. Two or three large pieces of ice were blown into the bay. Still freezing.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST.—Dull day, with slight snow, and wind. Five boats sent away. Went on shore in canvas boat with C., to find his mitten: I pointed out to him that there had been a slight fall of snow during the last forty-eight hours, and that it would be difficult to find, but he assured me he knew the exact spot; however, the exact spot was never discovered. Finished watering at 2 p.m., having taken on board 40 tons of the finest water one could get anywhere. Weighed anchor, and steamed round to Ravenscraig Harbour; dropped anchor there at 3 p.m. Slight snow in afternoon. Boats returned at 5 p.m., and reported heavy swell from N.E. outside. Heavy snow at night, and freezing hard.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22ND. Fine morning. Five boats sent away, 5 p.m. Snow after 11 p.m. R. went off in kayak, and C., with self, Joe, John, Alf, and native boy rowed to an island 3 miles off. There we experimented with the .303 bullets on whale-bone, snow, and a biscuit tin filled with sand. A solid bullet fired at the box from a distance of 5 yards will mushroom and not go through, but if fired at 100 yards, the bullet will make a clean hole through sand and tin without damaging the bullet at all. A solid bullet fired into a drift of snow at a distance of 5 yards will only penetrate 6 feet. Returned to ship in heavy snow at 4 p.m. Boats returned at 5 p.m. Second mate shot two sabine gulls. The Engineer has

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been busy all day with the engines. Freezing the whole twenty-four hours.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23RD.—Snowing all day. Five boats sent away; I have omitted to mention that this is termed “rock-nosing.” R. and C. went ashore in the morning, and made thorough gentlemen of themselves by painting in large letters on the rocks, “Pears’ Soap,” “Beecham’s Pills,” “Myerscough Sausages,” etc. It was impossible to walk any distance on land on account of the drifts. We have had a fox-trap set on shore here since our arrival, but, although the foxes pay periodical visits to its exterior, they do not seem to have any liking for the inside. Emptied two tanks of coal into the bunkers. Boats returned at 5 p.m. Freezing all day.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH. A lovely day. Weighed anchor at 5 a.m., and steamed out of Eglinton Fjord, and thence to the South. Two fish were seen at 12 a.m., and three boats were lowered, but were unable to get up to them. They were going fast to the South. Boats returned to the ship at 2 p.m. Passed Agnes Monument at 5 p.m., and Bute Island at 7 p.m. Steamed dead slow all night, there being a good moon.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25TH.—Dull to-day. Off Cape Roper at 7 a.m. A fish seen at 8 a.m. Five boats were lowered after her; but, although she afterwards rose twice, they were unable to do anything, and returned to the ship at 9.30 a.m. Some natives being seen on shore, we steamed in, and anchored at Kater Heads at 11.30 a.m. A boatload of natives were brought off to us, and two boats sent out to watch by some icebergs for fish. R. and C. went on shore, and paid a visit to the tupecks, five in number. Another boatload of natives came off at 7 p.m., and brought four bearskins, which we secured for some cartridges, and a shilling knife. Gave the natives an entertainment with the polyphone, gramophone, etc. John shot several dove-kies and little auks: the former are changing their plumage. A boatload of natives were landed at 11 p.m.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH.—A hard gale springing up from

the S.E. at 2 a.m., we had to weigh anchor at 4 a.m., and bolt, with the natives on board. This is a very bad anchorage to get away from when it is blowing and there is a swell. The bottom is composed of large boulders, and it is difficult to clear the anchor. Made for Kater anchorage, 20 miles off, and anchored in the bay at 8 a.m. A bear was seen walking by the shore, and I jumped into a boat, and rowed ashore in the teeth of a howling gale and snow-storm. The bear in the meantime had turned, and was walking up the hill, but as we were within 50 yards of the shore, three more bears came out of some holes they had made in the snow-drift. I hit the first from the boat, and having landed fired five more shots, disabling them all. Ned Scott, and John helped to finish them off. All three had good coats. Walking in line, we climbed the hill, and tried to find the tracks of the first bear which was the largest, but the falling snow had obliterated them. Up to our waists in snow-drifts, two of our number falling in over their heads. We saw him some 300 yards off. I did not chance the shot, however, and he bolted, and took to the water for a mile swim. Although I sent a boat after him, they never got within shot of him again. I had had no breakfast. I was wet through with perspiration, moustache and beard frozen, and it was twelve o'clock: so I did not indulge in three hours in an open boat. Bearskins, 8 feet 1 inch, 7 feet 6 inches, and 6 feet 7 inches. C. shot a hawk from the ship. Gale all day.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH.—Gale ceased in early morning. Lovely day: 8" of frost throughout. Weighed anchor at daylight, steamed out of harbour, and set the canvas, there being a nice Westerly breeze. Sailed along the Coast as far as Bissom Point, and marked Cape Kater on the charts. There we dodged about all day, but saw no signs of fish. Before turning North again, we sailed a short distance into Home Bay, and at 8 p.m. lay to for the night off Bissom Point.

XV.

HOMEWARD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28TH.—At daylight, 5 a.m., we found that we had drifted some 15 miles to the South, and in a N.E. wind, gradually increasing to a gale, with snow, we steamed hard back to our anchorage of yesterday, which we reached at 11 a.m. R. went ashore with Ned Scott to paint the tombstones (wood) of some Dundee and Peterhead men who are buried here, but the paint brush froze stiff in a very few minutes, and they had to give it up. They had a short walk, and R. bagged a good white fox and a hawk. Hard gale all day.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH.—Freezing and snowing hard, with N.E. gale. The day was got through in amusing the natives with the various games we have on board.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30TH.—A lovely day, with slight N.E. wind. Weighed anchor at 8 a.m., and steamed to Kaber Head, where, at 1.30 p.m., we dropped anchor. R. and C. went ashore to take some photos., and returned with a hawk. A fish was seen at 4.30. Six boats were lowered after her, but she never appeared again. She must have gone to the North. Put the natives ashore at 7 p.m. Saw the Aurora for the first time, but it was not very brilliant.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1ST.—Fine day, strong breeze outside, and nasty swell coming in. R. and C. went ashore, and had a long chase after an owl, which they did not succeed in bagging. I rowed ashore in the canvas boat, and visited the tupecks, five in number, and bartered a few percussion caps for two good hawks. Some of the natives were anxious to get to Cape Hooper, or Yakki Fjord, as it is called by the natives. I arranged to take them. Accord-

ingly, one man with three wives and one son, a man and his wife with a blind boy, twelve dogs, tupecks, sleighs, etc., came on board for a passage at 11 p.m. A bear has taken possession of an iceberg about 60 feet high, which is aground some 5 miles out, but, as it would be impossible to get him if we did kill him, he has been left undisturbed. Signs of snow.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2ND.—Under weigh at 6 a.m. Setting all canvas, we steered South with a nice little breeze, but the wind



TOWING DEAD WHALE.

headed us at mid-day, and we tacked about among the icebergs until a hard blow began; then we steamed and sailed hard for shelter to Arctic Harbour, where we anchored at 6 p.m. Killed and gathered two hawks.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3RD.—A terrific S.W. gale, but our one anchor, with the assistance of a kedge, held well. Snow.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4TH.—Blowing hard again all day, with

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heavy squalls from the S.E. Wind decreased at 8 p.m. Some snow at intervals.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5TH.—Weather to-day is beautiful. Steamed out of harbour at 8 a.m., and set all canvas, with wind in N.E. Passed Bissom Point at 6 p.m., and lay to at 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6TH.—Gale again, and snow all day ; course S.E. Steamed in towards land at 4 p.m., to try and pick it up, but could see nothing ; so turned round and kept her going slow, with fore and aft canvas set all night ; course E.S.E.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7TH.—Very hard gale all night. Happily, no damage done, although the saloon was in a nice state in the morning. Ran amongst some icebergs at 4 a.m., just when it was daylight, luckily. No snow, so turned in towards the land, which we picked up in Home Bay at 10 a.m. Steamed and sailed hard South, and eventually, at 6 p.m., came to anchor at Cape Hooper. Snow began to fall. It was blowing hard, with a heavy sea all day. There are two tupecks here.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8TH.—Heavy snow all night. Dull day, blowing hard outside. R. and C. went ashore to the tupecks, and brought back two good deer heads. They also arranged a shoot for deer to-morrow with one of the natives. I agreed that R. was to go after the deer, and self and C. after walrus, which the natives report in great numbers on the other side of an island, but I doubt if they are worth having. Some were seen yesterday. It is late for them here. I do not envy R. his walk in the snow to-morrow.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9TH.—C. and self left at 7 a.m., in two boats, in lovely weather. We sailed and rowed up the fjord. Passed six walrus coming out, though we did not get a shot. This looked promising ; but, although we did about forty miles in the day in bitterly cold weather, we never saw any more. The water was freezing on the oars as we rowed, and, since it was impossible to keep warm in the feet or hands, we returned to the ship at 4 p.m., with our Burgomaster gull. Joe, John, and Alf. rowed over to an island, and had a walk in the snow. Joe fell through

the ice into a lake, but, fortunately, was none the worse for his ducking. No signs of R. when I turned in.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10TH.—Fine morning. Three boats sent away. R. returned at 1 a.m., having bagged six deer, three with good heads. They had a very lively time of it, walking in the dark up to their chests in snow at times. The boat's crew who went back to fetch the deer missed R. and Brown, who, it seems, had got tired of waiting, and returned to the boat. There was some fine talking when the two parties met again. R. and his crew went off again at 9 a.m. to bring the meat back. C. and self paid a visit to the tupecks, where I give the men and women some shooting with my '303. C. went for a run in a seven-dog sleigh, and brought back a hare. I bagged a brace of ducks with my '303. Boats returned at 5 p.m., the meat boat coming back shortly afterwards. The natives all came on board for the gramophone, which pleases them immensely. Dull, and snow in the afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11TH.—Four boats away. Blowing fresh from the S.E. Snow and frost all day. One boat taken on board, and one given to the natives, the latter is a very old boat, and done for, but we are to get four large bearskins for it next year. We are short of paraffin and it is time to move homewards. Boats returned at 3-30 p.m.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12TH.—Four boats away. Decided to start homewards. Had some difficulty in clearing port anchor, but got under weigh at noon. The natives rowed out to see the last of us. We soon picked up two boats and took them on board. We were some time in finding the other two, owing to heavy snow showers, but we found them at 3-30 p.m. and had them on board by 4 p.m. Started on passage at 4-15 p.m.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13TH.—Strong North wind, with nasty swell from N.E. and snow. Fore and aft canvas set, engines half speed. Fine night, with less wind. A few icebergs in sight. Course S.W. by S.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14TH.—The Aurora was very fine early

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this morning. Four sword-fish were seen during the day. Wind N.E., squally and dull. 133 miles by log at noon.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15TH.—Wind increased at midnight, and we had half a gale from the N.E. all day; engines stopped, and we did well under canvas. The “Esquimaux” is decidedly lively, although we have taken a lot of water ballast on board in the oil tanks. 180 miles at noon.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16TH.—Still making good progress, with



a gale from the N.E. Altered course at noon to E.S.E. 175 miles at noon; under canvas.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17TH.—Gale from N.E.; started engines 4 a.m., half speed. 180 miles at noon.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18TH.—Wind died away, and we had a lovely day. Nasty swell from N.E. Icebergs in sight; these bergs are from the East coast of Greenland, and always congregate in the vicinity of Cape Farewell. 147 miles at noon.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19TH.—Dull; wind changed to West,

increasing in force during the course of the day. 157 miles; by observation lat. $58^{\circ} 20'' 30'$ North. Long. $39^{\circ} 50''$ West. Less wind at night.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20TH.—Dull, with drizzling rain; wind paltry, from South. Took in square canvas for the first time since starting. 158 miles, with falling glass and wind increasing.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21ST.—Hard breeze from S.W., with rain in early morning, veering round to N.W. during the course of the day. 152 miles at noon.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22ND.—Dull day, with rain squalls; wind S.W. We notice a great change from the bracing air in the Arctic. 161 miles at noon.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23RD.—Strong breeze from the S.E., with rain all day. 191 miles at noon.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24TH.—Wind strong from the South, with occasional showers. 163 miles at noon.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25TH.—At 7 a.m. sighted the Island of St. Kilda, some twelve miles away, on the starboard bow, and altered our course for the Butt of Lewis. Were abreast of signal station at 1 p.m. Ran up our number. 191 miles at noon. Off Cape Wrath at 6 p.m.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26TH.—At 4 a.m. we were through the Pentland Firth, and at 2 p.m. abreast of Kinnaird Head. Nasty short head sea, with no wind, and, as we are now very light, we are only doing some three knots.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27TH.—Picked up pilot at 6 a.m., and dropped anchor in river Tay, off Dundee, at 7 a.m. Time on passage. 14 days, 14 hours, 45 minutes. Distance run 2,348 miles on passage. Number of days out from St. Johns, Newfoundland, 183 days 13 hours.

THE END.

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The cruise of the Exquimaux.

